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JOHN S. FARMER

The Birth of Merlin

"Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR AND WILLIAM ROWLEY"

1662



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The Birth of Merlin

"Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR AND WILLIAM ROWLEY"

Date of writing uncertain, probably c. 1620

Date of this the Earliest and only Known Edition . . . 1662

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 7]

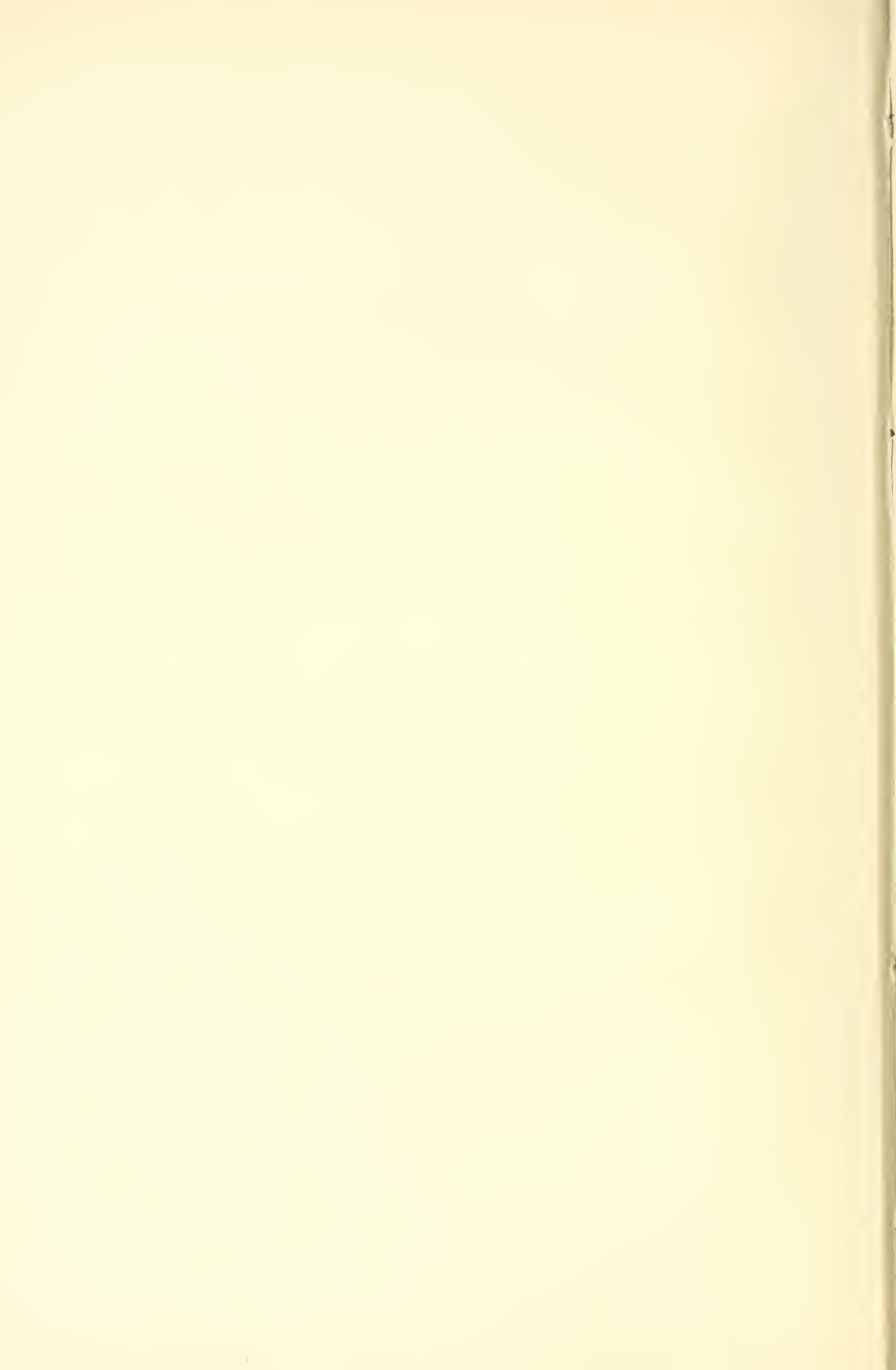
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The Birth of Merlin

"Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR AND WILLIAM ROWLEY"

1662

Kirkman's ascription of "The Birth of Merlin" as in part to Shakespeare is generally regarded as improbable.

The date of composition and the stage-history of the play are also shrouded in mystery.

Little likewise is known of William Rowley. The first notice of him occurs in 1607, when he is found in London following the double calling of actor and playwright, collaborating in the last capacity with Dekker, Middleton, T. Heywood, Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, and Ford. The last mention is of his marriage in 1637. The dates of his birth or death are unknown. Samuel Rowley was probably his elder brother.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original [B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, l. 7, from which these facsimiles are made: another copy is C. 12, f. 1 (6)], says:—"It is very nearly perfect In all essentials it is excellent."

JOHN S. FARMER.



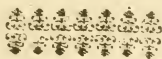
THE
BIRTH
OF
MERLIN:

OR,
The Childe hath found his Father.

As it hath been several times Acted
with great Applause.

Written by *William Shakespear*, and
William Rowley.

Placere cupio.



LONDON: Printed by *Tho. Johnson* for *Francis Kirkman*, and
Henry Marsh, and are to be sold at the *Princes Arms* in
Chancery-Lane. 1662.





Drammatis Personæ.

The Scene BRITAIN.

Aurelius, King of Britain.
Vortiger, King of Britain.
Uter Pendragon the Prince, Brother to Aurelius.
Donobert a Nobleman, and Father to Constantia and Modestia.
The Earl of Gloster, and Father to Edwyn.
Edoll Earl of Chester, and General to King Aurelius
Cadur Earl of Cornwall, and Suitor to Constantia
Edwyn, Son to the Earl of Gloster, and Suitor to Modestia
Toclio and Oswald, two Noblemen
Merlin the Prophet
Anselme the Hermit, after Bishop of Winchester.
Clown, brother to Jone, mother of Merlin
Sir Nichodemus Nothing, a Courtier
The Devil, father of Merlin
Ostorius, the Saxon General
Otha, a Saxon Nobleman
Proximus, a Saxon Magician
Two Bishops
Two Saxon Lords
Two of Edols Captains
Two Gentlemen
A little Antick Spirit
Artesia, Sister to Ostorius the Saxon General
Constantia }
and } Daughters to Donobert
Modestia }
Jone Goe-too't, Mother of Merlin
A Waiting-woman to Artesia
Lucina, Queen of the Shades.

The BIRTH of MERLIN:

OR,

The Childe hath found his Father.

ACTUS. I.

Enter Donibert, Gloster, Cador, Edwin, Constantia, and Modestia.

Cador **Y**OU teach me language, sir, as one that knows the Debt of Love I owe unto their Vertues, wherein like a true Courtier I have fed my self with hope of fair Success, and now attend your wisht consent to my long Suit.

Dono. Believe me, youthful Lord, time could not give an opportunity more fitting your desires, always provided my Daughters love be suited with my Grant. Cador. 'Tis the condition sir, her Promise seal'd.

Dono. Ist so, Constantia?

Constan. I was content to give him words for oathes, he swore so oft he lov'd me.

Dono. That thou believest him?

Const. He is a man I hope.

Dono. That's in the trial Girl.

Const. However I am a woman, sir. Dono. The Law's on thy side then, sha't have a Husband, I, and a worthy one: Take her brave Cornwal, and make our happiness great as our wishes.

Cador. Sir, I thank you.

Gloster. Double the fortunes of the day, my Lord, and crown my wishes too: I have a son here, who in my absence would protest no less unto your other Daughter.

Dono. Ha Gloster, is it so? what says Lord Edwin? will she protest as much to thee?

Edwin. Else must she want some of her Sisters faith, Sir.

Modestia. Of her credulity much rather, Sir: My Lord, you are a Soldier, and methinks the height of that Profession should diminish all heat of Loves desires, being so late employ'd in blood and ruine.

Edwin. The more my Conscience ties me to repair

The Birth of Merlin :

pair the worlds losses in a new succession. *Modest.* Necessity it seems ties your affections then, and at that rate I would unwillingly be thrust upon you, a wife is a dish soon cloy's, sir.

Edwin. Weak and diseased appetites it may. *Modest.* Most of your making have dull stomachs sir. *Dono.* If that be all Girl, thou shalt quicken him, be kinde to him *Modesta:* Noble *Edwin*, let it suffice what's mine in her, speaks yours ; For her content, let your fair suit go on, She is a woman sir, and will be won.

Enter Tocllo.

Edwin. You give me comfort sir. *Dono.* Now *Tocllo.*

Tocllo. The King, my honor'd Lords, requires your presence, and calls a Councel for return of answer unto the parling enemy, whose Embassadors are on the way to Court. *Dono.* So suddenly, *Chester* it seems has ply'd them hard at war, they sue so fast for peace, which by my advice they ne're shall have, unless they leave the Realm. Come noble *Gloster*, let's attend the King, 't lies sir in your Son to do me pleasure, and save the charges of a Wedding Dinner,

If you'l make haste to end your Love affairs, One coit may give discharge to both my cares. *Exit Dono. Glost.*

Edwin. I'll do my best. *Cador.* Now *Tocllo*, what stirring news at Court? *Tocllo.* Oh my Lord, the Court's all fill'd with rumor, the City with news, and the Country with wonder, and all the bells i'th' Kingdom must proclaim it, we have a new Holy-day a coming. *Consta.* A holy-day! for whom? for thee?

Tocllo. Me, Madam! 'sfoot I'de be loath that any man should make a holy-day for me yet: In brief 'tis thus, there's here arriv'd at Court, sent by the Earl of *Chester* to the King, a man of rare esteem for holyness, a reverent Hermit, that by miracle not onely saved our army, but without aid of man o'rethrew the pagan Host, and with such wonder sir, as might confirm a Kingdom to his faith.

Edwin. This is strange news indeed, where is he?

Tocllo. In conference with the King that much respects him.

Modest. Trust me, I long to see him. *Tocllo.* Faith you will finde no great pleasure in him, for ought that I can see Lady, they say he is half a Prophet too, would he could tell me any news of the lost Prince, there's twenty Talents offer'd to him that finds him. *Cador.* Such news was breeding in the morning.

Tocllo.

Or, The Child hath found his Father.

Toclio. And now it has birth and life sir, if fortune blefs me I'll once more search those woods where then we lost him, I know not yet what fate may follow me.

Exit.

Cador. Fortune go with you sir, come fair Mistress, your Sister and Lord *Edwin* are in game, and all their wits at stake to win the Set. *Consta.* My sister has the hand yet, we had best leave them, She will be out anon as well as I,

He wants but cunning to put in a Dye.

Exit Cador. Constan.

Edwin. You are a cunning Gamester, Madam.

Modest. It is a desperate Game indeed this Marriage, where there's no winning without loss to either. *Edwin.* Why, what but your perfection noble Lady, can bar the worthiness of this my suit? if so you please I count my happiness, from difficult obtaining, you shall see my duty and observance.

Modest. There shall be place to neither, noble sir, I do beseech you let this mild Reply give answer to your suit, for here I vow if e're I change my Virgin name by you, it gains or loses.

Edwin. My wishes have their own. *Modest.* Let them confine you then, as to my promise, you give faith and credence?

Edwin. In your command my willing absence speaks it. *Exit.*

Modest. Noble and vertuous: could I dream of Marriage, I should affect thee *Edwin*: oh my soul, here's something tells me that these best of creatures, these models of the world, weak man and woman, should have their souls, their making, life, and being, to some more excellent use: if what the sense calls pleasure were our ends, we might justly blame great nature's wisdom, who rear'd a building of so much art and beauty to entertain a guest so far incertain, so imperfect: if onely speech distinguish us from beasts, who know no inequality of birth or place, but still to fly from goodness: oh, how base were life at such a rate! no, no, that power that gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom, gave it for thankfulness: To him alone that

Made me thus, may I whence truly know,

I'll pay to him, not man, the love I owe.

Exit.

Flourish Cornets. Enter Aurelius King of Brittain, Denobert,

Gloster, Cador, Edwin, Toclio, Oswold, and Attendants.

Aurelius. No tidings of our brother yet? 'Tis strange, so ne're the Court, and in our own Land too, and yet no news of him: oh this

The Birth of Merlin :

this loss tempers the sweetness of our happy conquests, with much untimely sorrow.

Dono. Royal sir, his safety being unquestion'd, should to time leave the redress of sorrow, were he dead, or taken by the foe, our fatal loss had wanted no quick Herald to disclose it.

Aurelius. That hope alone sustains me, nor will we be so ingrateful unto heaven to question what we fear, with what we enjoy. Is answer of our message yet return'd from that religious man, the holy Hermit, sent by the Earl of *Chester* to confirm us in that miraculous act? For 'twas no less, our Army being in rout, nay, quite o'rethrown, as *Chester* writes; even then this holy man arm'd with his cross and staff, went smiling on, and boldly fronts the foe; at sight of whom the *Saxons* stood amaz'd: for to their seeming, above the Hermit head appear'd such brightness, such clear and glorious beams as if our men march'd all in fire, wherewith the *Pagans* fled, and by our troops were all to death pursu'd.

Gloft. 'Tis full of wonder sir.

Aurel. Oh *Gloster*, he's a jewel worth a Kingdom: where's *Oswold* with his answer?

Oswold. 'Tis here my Royal Lord.

Aurel. In writing, will he not sit with us?

Osw. His Orizons perform'd, he bad me say he would attend with all submission.

Aurel. Proceed to council then, and let some give order, the Embassadors being come, to take our answer, they have admittance. *Oswold, Toellid,* be it your charge: and now my Lords, observe the holy council of this reverend Hermit: [*reads*] *As you respect your safety, limit not that onely power that hath protected you, trust not an open enemy too far, He's yet a looser; and knows you have won,*

Mischief, not ended, are but then begun.

Anselme the Hermit.

Dono. Powerful and pithie, which my advice confirms, no man leaves physick when his sickness slakes, but doubles the receipts: the word of Peace seems fair to blood-hot eyes, but being appli'd with such a medicine as blinds all the sight, argues desire of Cure, but not of Art.

Aurel. You argue from defects, if both the name, and the condition of the Peace be one, it is to be prefer'd, and in the offer made by the *Saxon*, I see nought repugnant.

Gloft. The time of Truce requir'd for thirty days, carries suspicion in it, since half that space will serve to strength their weakened Regiment.

Cador. Who in less time will undertake to

free



Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

free our Country from them. *Edwin.* Leave that unto our fortune. *Dono.* Is not our bold, and hopeful General still Master of the field, their Legions slain, the rest intrencht for fear, half starv'd, and wounded, and shall we now give o're our fair advantage? force heaven, my Lord, the danger is far more, in trusting to their words, then to their weapons.

Enter Oswold.

Oswold. The Embassadors are come sir. *Aurel.* Conduct them in, we are resolv'd my Lords, since policy fail'd in the beginning, it shall have no hand in the conclusion, that heavenly power that hath so well begun their fatal overthrow I know can end it, from which fair hope, my self will give them answer.

Flourish Cornets.

Enter Artesia with the Saxon Lords.

Dono. What's here, a woman Orator? *Aurel.* Peace *Donobert*, speak, what are you Lady? *Artes.* The sister of the Saxon General, warlike *Ostorius* the East Angles King, my name *Artesia*, who in terms of love brings peace and health to great *Aurelius*, wishing she may return as fair a present as she makes tender of.

Aurel. The fairest present e're mine eyes were blest with, command a chair there for this Saxon Beauty: sir Lady, we'll confer: your warlike brother sues for a peace, you say?

Artes. With endless love unto your State and Person.

Aurel. Ha's sent a moving Orator believe me, what thinkst thou *Donobert*?

Dono. Believe me sir, were I but yong agen this gilded pill might take my stomach quickly. *Aurel.* True, thou art old, how soon we do forget our own defects. Fair damsel, oh my tongue turns Traitor, and will betray my heart, sister to our enemy: 's death her beauty mazes me, I cannot speak if I but look on her, what's that we did conclude?

Dono. This Royal Lord.

Aurel. Pish, thou canst not utter it: fair'st of creatures, tell the King your Brother that we in love, ha! and honor to our Country, command his Armies to depart our Realm, but if you please fair soul-Lord *Donobert*, deliver you our pleasure. *Dono.* I shall sir, Lady return, and certifie your brother.

Aurel. Thou art too blunt, and rude, return so soon, fie, let her stay, and send some messenger to certifie our pleasure. *Dono.* What meanes your Grace?

Aurel. To give her time of rest to her long Journey, we would not willingly be thought uncivil. *Artes.* Great King

The Birth of Merlin :

of Britain, let it not seem strange to embrace the Princely Offers
of a friend,

Whose virtues with thine own, in fairest merit
Both States in Peace and Love may now inherit.

Aurel. She speaks of Love agen, sure 'tis my fear, she knows I
do not hate her.

Artes. Be then thy self most great *Aurelius*,
and let not envy, nor a deeper sin in these thy Councillors, deprive
thy goodness of that fair honor, we in seeking peace, give first to
thee, who never use to sue but force our wishes, yet if this seem
light, oh let my sex, though worthless your respect, take the report
of thy humanity,

Whose mild and vertuous life loud fame displays,
As being o'recome by one so worthy praise.

Aurel. She has an Angels tongue, speak still. *Dono.* This
flattery is gross sir, hear no more on't, Lady, these childish comple-
ments are needles, you have your answer, and believe it, Madam,
his Grace, though young, doth wear within his breast too grave a
Councillor to be seduc't by smoothing flattery, or oyley words.

Artes. I come not sir, to wooe him. *Dono.* 'Twere folly if
you should, you must not wed him, shame take thy tongue, being
old and weak thy self, thou dost 't, and looking on thine own de-
fects, speak 't what thou'd'st wish in me, do I command the deeds
of others, mine own act not free?

Be pleas'd to smile or frown, we respect neither,
My will and rule shall stand and fall together.

Most fair *Artesia*, see the King descends to give thee welcome with
these warlike *Saxons*, and now on equal terms both sues and grants,
instead of Truce, let a perpetual League seal our united bloods in
holy marriage, send the East Angles King this happy news, that
thou with me hast made a League for ever, and added to his state
a friend and brother: speak dearest Love, dare you confirm this
Title?

Artes. I were no woman to deny a good so high and
noble to my fame and Country.

Aurel. Live then a Queen in
Britain.

Gloster. He meanes to marry her.

Dono. Death! he shall marry the devil first, marry a *Pagan*, an
Idolater.

Cador. He has won her quickly.

Edwin. She was woo'd afore she came sure, or came of purpose
to conclude the Match.

Aurel. Who dares oppose our will? my
Lord

Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

Lord of *Gloster*, be you Embassador unto our Brother, the Brother of our Queen *Artesia*, tell him for such our entertainment looks him, our marriage adding to the happiness,
Of our intended joys, mans good or ill,
In this like waves agree, come double still, *Enter Hermit.*
Who's this, the Hermit? Welcome my happiness, our Countries hope, most reverent holy man, I wanted but thy blessing to make perfect the infinite sum of my felicity.

Hermit. Alack sweet Prince, that happiness is yonder, Felicity and thou art far asunder,
this world can never give it.

Aurel. Thou art deceiv'd, see here what I have found, Beauty, Alliance, Peace, and strength of Friends, all in this all exceeding excellence; the League's confirm'd.

Hermit. With whom, dear Lord? *Aurel.* With the great Brother of this Beauteous woman, the Royal Saxon King.

Hermit. Oh then I see, and fear thou art too near thy misery, what magick could so linck thee to this mischief by all the good that thou hast reapt by me, stand further from destruction.

Aurel. Speak as a man, and I shall hope to obey thee.

Hermit. Idolaters get hence, fond King, let go, Thou hug'st thy ruine, and thy Countries woe.

Dono. Well spoke old Father, too him, bait him soundly, now by heavens blest Lady, I can scarce keep patience.

1 Saxon Lord. What devil is this?

2 Saxon Lord. That

cursed Christian, by whose hellish charmes our army was o're-thrown. *Hermit.* Why do you dally sir? oh tempt not heaven, warm not a serpent in your naked bosom, discharge them from your Court.

Aurel. Thou speak'st like madness, command the frozen shepherd to the shade, when he sits warm i'th' Sun, the fever sick to add more heat unto his burning pain, these may obey, 'tis less extremity then thou enjoynst to me: cast but thine eye upon this beauty, do it, I'll forgive thee, though jealousy in others findes no pardon, then say thou dost not love me; I shall then swear th'art immortal, and no earthly man, oh blame then my mortality, noe me.

Hermit. It is thy weakness brings thy misery, unhappy Prince. *Aurel.* Be milder in thy doom.

Hermit. 'Tis you that must indure heavens doom, which-fall, remember's just. *Artes.* Thou shalt not live to see it: how

The Birth of Merlin :

fares my Lord? If my poor presence breed dislike, great Prince,
I am no such neglected soul, will seek to tie you to your word.

Aurel. My word dear Love, may my Religion, Crown, State,
and Kingdom fail, when I fail thee, command Earl *Chester* to break
up the camp, without disturbance to our *Saxon* friends, send every
hour swift posts to hasten on the King her Brother, to conclude
this League, this endless happy Peace of Love and Marriage, till
when provide for Revels, and give charge that nought be wanting,
which make our Triumphs

Sportful and free to all, if such fair blood *Exit all but Hermit.*
Ingender ill, man must not look for good. *Florish.*

Enter Modestia reading in a book.

Modesta. How much the oft report of this blest *Hermit*, hath
won on my desires; I must behold him, and sure this should be he,
oh the worlds folly, proud earth and dust, how low a price bears
goodness, all that should make man absolute, shines in him: much
reverent Sir, may I without offence give interruption to your holy
thoughts? *Hermit.* What would you Lady? *Modest.* That
which till now ne're found a language in me, I am in love.

Her. In Love, with what? *Modest.* With virtue?

Her. There's no blame in that. *Modest.* Nay sir, with you?
With your Religious Life? Your Virtue, Goodness, if there be
a name to express affection greater, that, that would I learn and
utter: Reverent Sir, if there be any thing to bar my suit, be chari-
table and expose it, your prayers are the same Orizons, which I
will number. Holy Sir, keep not instruction back from willingness,
possess me of that knowledge leads you on to this humility, for
well I know were greatness good, you would not live so low.

Her. Are you a Virgin? *Modest.* Yes Sir? *Her.* Your name?

Modest. *Modesta*? *Her.* Your name and virtues meet, a
Modest Virgin, live ever in the sanctimonious way to Heaven
and Happiness, there's goodness in you, I must instruct you further;
come look up, behold yon firmament, there sits a power, whose
footstool is this earth, oh learn this lesson,
And practise it, he that will climb so high,
Must leave no joy beneath, to move his eye.

Exit.

Modest. I apprehend you sir, on Heaven I fix my love,
Earth gives us grief, our joys are all above,

For

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

For this was man in innocence naked born,
To show us wealth hinders our sweet return.

Exit.

ACTUS II.

Enter Clown, and his Sister great with childe.

Clown. **A**Way, follow me no further, I am none of thy brother,
what with Childe, great with Childe, and knows not
whose the Father on't, I am asham'd to call thee Sister.

Joan. Believe me Brother, he was a Gentleman.

Clown. Nay, I believe that, he gives arms, and legs too, and has
made you the Herald to blaze 'em, but *Joan*, *Joan*, sister *Joan*,
can you tell me his name that did it: how shall we call my Cousin,
your bastard, when we have it?

Joan. Alas, I know not the
Gentlemans name Brother, I met him in these woods, the last great
hunting, he was so kinde and proffer'd me so much, as I had not
the heart to ask him more.

Clown. Not his name, why this
showes your Country breeding now, had you been brought up i'th
City, you'd have got a Father first, and the childe afterwards:
hast thou no markes to know him by.

Joan. He had most rich
Attire, a fair Hat and Feather, a gilt Sword, and most excellent
Hangers.

Clown. Pox on his Hangers, would he had bin gelt
for his labor.

Joan. Had you but heard him swear you would
have thought.

Clown. I as you did, swearing and lying goes
together still, did his Oathes get you with Childe, we shall have a
roaring Boy then yfaith, well sister, I must leave you.

Joan. Dear Brother stay, help me to finde him out, I'll ask no
further.

Clown. 'Sfoot who should I finde? who should I ask for?

Joan. Alas I know not, he uses in these woods, and these are
witness of his oathes and promise.

Clown. We are like to have
a hot suit on't, when our best witness's but a Knight 'ath'ost.

Joan. Do but enquire this Forrest, I'll go with you, some happy
fate may guide us till we meet him.

Clown. Meet him, and
what name shall we have for him, when we meet him? 'Sfoot thou
neither knowst him, nor canst tell what to call him, was ever man
tyr'd with such a business, to have a sister got with childe, and
know not who did it, well, you shall see him, I'll do my best for
you.

The Birth of Merlin:

you, Ile make Proclamation, if these Woods and Trees, as you say, will bear any witness, let them answer; Oh yes: If there be any man that wants a name, will come in for conscience sake, and acknowledge himself to be a Whore-Matter, he shal have that laid to his charge in an hour, he shall not be rid on in an age; if he have Lands, he shall have an heir, if he have patience, he shall have a wife, if he have neither Lands nor patience, he shall have a whore, so ho boy, so ho, so, so. *Within Prince Uter.* So, ho, by, so, ho, illo ho, illo ho. *Clown.* Hark, hark sister, there's one hollows to us, what a wicked world's this, a man cannot so soon name a whore but a knave comes presently, and see where he is, stand close a while, sister. *Enter Prince Uter.*

Prince. How like a voice that Echo spake, but oh my thoughts are lost for ever in amazement, could I but meet a man to tell her beauries, these trees would bend their tops to kiss the air, that from my lips should give her praises up. *Clown.* He talk's of a woman, sister. *Joan.* This may be he, brother.

Clown. View him well, you see he has a fair Sword, but his Har-ger's are fain. *Prince.* Here did I see her first, here view her beauty, oh had I known her name, I had been happy.

Clown. Sister this is he sure, he knows not thy name neither, a couple of wise fools yfaith, to get children and know not one another. *Prince.* You weeping leaves, upon whose tender cheeks doth stand a flood of tears at my complaint, and heard my vows and oaches.

Clown. Law, Law, he has been a great swearer too, 'tis he sister. *Prince.* For having overtook her, as I have seen a forward blood-hound, strip the swifter of the cry ready to seize his wished hopes, upon the sudden view struck with a stonish-ment at his arriv'd prey, instead of seizure stands at fearful bay,

Or like to *Marius* soldiers, who o'retook
The eye sight killing *Gorgon* at one look,
Made everlasting stand: so fear'd my power
Whose cloud aspir'd the Sun, dissolv'd a shower:

Pigmalion, then I tasted thy sad fate, whose Ivory picture, and my fair were one, our damage past imagination, I saw and felt desire. *Clown.* Pox a your fingering, did he feel sister?

Prince. But enjoy'd now, oh fate, thou hadst thy days and nights to feed,



Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

Or calm affection, one poor sight was all,
Converts my pleasure to perpetual thrall,
Imbracing thine, thou lovest breath and desire,
So I relating mine, will here expire,
For here I vow to you mournful plants
Who were the first made happy by her fame,
Never to part hence, till I know her name.

Clown. Give me thy hand sister, *The Childe has found his Father*, this is he sure, as I am a man, had I been a woman these kinde words would have won me, I should have had a great belly too that's certain; well, I'll speak to him: most honest and fleshly minded Gentleman, give me your hand sir.

Prince. Ha, what art thou, that thus rude and boldly, dar'st take notice of a wretch so much ally'd to misery as I am?

Clown. Nay, Sir, for our alliance, I shall be found to be a poor brother in Law of your worships, the Gentlewoman you spake on, is my sister, you see what a clew she spreads, her name is *Joan Go-too't*, I am her elder, but she has been at it before me: 'tis a womans fault, pox a this bashfulness, come forward *Jug*, prethee speak to him.

Prince. Have you e're seen me Lady?

Clown. Seen ye, ha, ha, It seems she has felt you too, here's a yong *Go-too't* a coming sir, she is my sister, we all love to *Go-too't*, as well as your worship, she's a Maid yet, but you may make her a wife, when you please sir.

Prince. I am amaz'd with wonder: Tell me woman, what sin have you committed worthy this?

Joan. Do you not know me sir?

Prince. Know thee! as I do thunder, hell, and mischief, wicth, staltion, hag.

Clown. I see he will marry her, he speaks so like a husband.

Prince. Death, I will cut their tongues out for this blasphemy, strumpet, villain, where have you ever seen me?

Clown. Speak for your self with a pox to ye.

Prince. Slaves, Ile make you curse your selves for this temptation.

Joan. Oh sir, if ever you did speak to me, it was in smooother phrase, in fairer language.

Prince. Lightning consume me, if I ever saw thee, my rage o'reflowes my blood, all patience flies me.

Beats her. *Clown.* Hold I beseech you sir, I have nothing to

say to you. *Joan.* Help, help, murder, murder.

Enter Tocllo. and Oslowd.

Tocllo. Make haste Sir, this way the sound came, it was a wood.

Oslowd.

The Birth of Merlin :

Oswold. See where she is, and the Prince, the price of all our wishes.

Clown. The Prince say ye, ha's made a poor Subject of me I am sure.

Toclio. Sweet Prince, noble Uter, speak, how fare y u fir?
Oswold. Dear fir, recal your self, your fearful absence hath won too much already on the grief of our sad King, from whom our laboring search hath had this fair success in meeting you.

Toclio. His silence, and his looks argue distraction.

Clown. Nay, he's mad sure, he will not acknowledge my sister, nor the childe neither.

Oswold. Let us entreat your Grace along with us, your fight will bring new life, to the King your Brother.

Toclio. Will you go fir?
Prince. Yes, any whether, guide me, all's hell I see, Man may change air, but not his misery.

Exit Prince Toclio.
Joan. Lend me one word with you, fir.

Clown. Well said sister, he has a Feather, and fair Hangers too, this may be he.

Oswold. What would you fair one.
Clown. Sure I have seen you in these woods e're this?

Oswold. Trust me never, I never saw this place, till at this time my friend conducted me.

Joan. The more's my sorrow then:
Oswold. Would I could comfort you: I am a Bachelor, but it seems you have a husband, you have been foully o'reshot else.

Clown. A womans fault, we are all subject to go to't, fir.

Enter Toclio.

Toclio. *Oswold* away, the Prince will not stir a foot without you.

Oswold. I am coming, farewell woman.

Toclio. Prithee make haste.

Joan. Good fir, but one word with you e're you leave us.

Toclio. With me fair soul?

Clown. Shee'l have a fling at him too, the Childe must have a Father.

Joan. Have you ne'er seen me fir?

Toclio. Seen thee, 'Sfoot I have seen many fair faces in my time, prithee look up, and do not weep so, sure pretty wanton, I have seen this face before.

Joan. It is enough, though your ne're see me more.

Toclio. 'Sfoot she's fain, this place is enchanted sure, look to the woman fellow.

Exit.
Clown. Oh she's dead! she's dead, as you are a man stay and help, fir:

Joan. *Joan*, sister *Joan*, why *Joan*. Go too't I say, will you cast away your self, and your childe, and me too, what do you mean, sister?

Joan. Oh give me pardon fir, 'twas too much joy opprest



Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

opprest my loving thoughts, I know you were too noble to deny me, ha! Where is he? *Clown.* Who, the Gentleman? he's gone sister. *Joan.* Oh! I am undone then, run, tell him I did but faint for joy, dear brother haste, why dost thou stay? oh never cease, till he give answer to thee. *Clown.* He: which he? what do you call him tro? *Joan.* Unnatural brother, shew me the path he took, why dost thou dally? speak, oh, which way went he?

Clown. This way, that way, through the bushes there.

Joan. Were it through fire, the Journey's easie, winged with sweet desire. *Exit.*

Clown. Hey day, there's some hope of this yet, Ile follow her for kindreds sake, if she mis of her purpose now, she'll challenge all the findes I see, for if ever we meet with a two leg'd creature in the whole Kingdom, the Childe shall have a Father that's certain. *Exit.*

Loud Musick. Enter two with the Sword and Mace, Cador, Edwin, two Bishops, Aurelius, Ostorius leading Artesia Crown'd, Constantia, Modestia, Octa, Proximus a Magician, Donobert, Gloster, Oswold, Teclio, all pass over the Stage. Manet Donobert, Gloster, Edwin, Cador.

Dono. Come *Gloster*, I do not like this hasty Marriage.

Gloster. She was quickly wooed and won, not six days since arrived an enemy to sue for Peace, and now crown'd Queen of Brittain, this is strange. *Dono.* Her brother too made as quick speed in coming, leaving his Saxons, and his starved Troops, to take the advantage whilst 'twas offer'd, fore heaven I fear the King's too credulous, our Army is discharg'd too. *Gloster.* Yes, and our General commanded home, Son *Edwin* have you seen him since?

Edwin. He's come to Court, but will not view the presence, nor speak unto the King, he's so discontent at this so strange alliance with the Saxon, as nothing can perswade his patience.

Cador. You know his humor will indure no check, no if the King oppose it, all crosses feeds both his spleen, and his impatience; those affections are in him like powder, apt to inflame with every little spark, and blow up all his reason.

Gloster. Edol of Chester is a noble Soldier.

Dono. So is he by the Rood, ever most faithful to the King and Kingdom, how e're his passions guide him.

The Birth of Merlin :

Enter Edoll with Captains.

Cador. See where he comes, my Lord. *Omnes.* Welcome to Court, brave Earl.

Edol. Do not deceive me by your flatteries : Is not the Saxon here ? the League confirm'd ? the Marriage ratifi'd ? the Court divided with Pagan Infidels ? the least part Christians, at least in their Commands ? Oh the gods ! it is a thought that takes away my sleep, and dulls my senses so I scarcely know you : Prepare my horses, Ile away to *Chester*.

Capt. What shall we do with our Companies, my Lord ?

Edol. Keep them at home to increase Cuckolds, and get some Cases for your Captainships, smooth up your brows, the wars has spoil'd your faces, and few will now regard you.

Dono. Preserve your patience, Sir.

Edol. Preserve your Honors, Lords, your Countries Safety, your Lives, and Lands from strangers : what black devil could so bewitch the King, so to discharge a Royal Army in the height of conquest ? nay, even already made victorious, to give such credit to an enemy, a starved foe, a stragling fugitive, beaten beneath our feet, so love dejected, so servile, and so base, as hope of life had won them all, to leave the Land for ever ?

Dono. It was the Kings will. *Edol.* It was your want of wisdom, that should have laid before his tender youth, the dangers of a State, where forain Powers bandy for Sovereignty with Lawful Kings, who being settled once, to assure themselves, will never fail to seek the blood and life of all competitors.

Dono. Your words sound well my Lord, and point at safety, both for the Realm and us, but why did you within whose power it lay, as General, with full Commission to dispose the war, lend ear to partly with the weakned foe ? *Edol.* Oh the good Gods !

Cador. And on that partly came this Embassie.

Edol. You will hear me. *Edwin.* Your letters did declare it to the King, both of the Peace, and all Conditions brought by this Saxon Lady, whose fond love has thus bewitched him.

Edol. I will curse you all as black as hell, unless you hear me ; your gross mistake would make wisdom her self run madding through the streets, and quarrel with her shadow, death ! why kill'd ye not that woman ? *Dono. Glaf.* Oh my Lord.

Edol. The great devil take me quick, had I been by, and all the women

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women of the world were barren, she should have died e're he had married her on these conditions.

Cador. It is not reason that directs you thus. *Edol.* Then have I none, for all I have directs me, never was man so palpably abus'd, so basely marted, bought and sold to scorn, my Honor, Fame, and hopeful Victories, the loss of Time, Expences, Blood and Fortunes, all vanish into nothing.

Edwin. This rage is vain my Lord, what the King does, nor they, nor you can help. *Edol.* My Sword must fail me then. *Cador.* 'Gainst whom will you expose it?

Edol. What's that to you, 'gainst all the devils in hell to guard my country. *Edwin.* These are airy words.

Edol. Sir, you tread too hard upon my patience.

Edwin. I speak the duty of a Subjects faith, and say agen had your been here in presence,

What the King did, you had not dar'd to cross it,

Edol. I will trample on his Life and Soul that says it.

Cador. My Lord. *Edwin.* Come, come. *Edol.* Now before heaven. *Cador.* Dear sir. *Edol.* Not dare? thou liest beneath thy lungs. *Gloster.* No more ton *Edwin.*

Edwin. I have done sir, I take my leave. *Edol.* But thou shall not, you shall take no leave of me Sir.

Dmo. For wisdoms sake my Lord. *Edol.* Sir, I'll leave him, and you, and all of you, the Court and King, and let my Sword, and friends, shuffle for *Edol.*s safety: stay you here, and hug the Saxons, till they cut your throats, or bring the Land to servile slavery, such yokes of baseness, *Chester* must not suffer, Go, and repent betimes these foul misdeeds, For in this League, all our whole Kingdom bleeds, which He prevent, or perish.

Gloster. See how his rage transports him! *Exit Edol. Capr.*

Cador. These passions set apart, a braver soldier breathes not i'th' world this day. *Dmo.* I wish his own worth do not court his ruine.

The King must Rule, and we must learn to obey,
True vertue still directs the noble way.

Loud Musick. *Enter Aurelius, Artesia, Ostorius, Octa, Proximus, Tocio, Oswald, Hermit.*

Aurel. Why is the Court so dull? me thinks each room, and

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angle of our Palace should appear stuck full of objects fit for mirth and triumphs, to show our high content. *Oswold* fill wine, must we begin the Revels? be it so then, reach me the cup: Ile now begin a Health to our lov'd Queen, the bright *Artesia*, the Royal Saxon King, our warlike brother, go and command all the whole Court to pledge it, fill to the Hermit there; most reverent *Anselme*, wee'll do thee Honor first, to pledge my Queen.

Her. I drink no healths great King, and if I did, I would be loath to part with health, to those that have no power to give it back agen. *Aurel.* Mistake not, it is the argument of Love and Duty to our Queen and us. *Artes.* But he owes none it seems.

Her. I do to vertue Madam, temperate minds covets that health to drink, which nature gives in every spring to man, he that doth hold

His body, but a Tenement at will
Bestows no cost, but to repair what's ill,
Yet if your healths or heat of Wine, fair Princes,
Could this old frame, or these cras'd limbes restore,
Or keep out death, or sickness, then fill more,
I'll make fresh way for appetite, if no,
On such a prodigal who would wealth bestow?

Ostorius. He speaks not like a guest to grace a wedding.

Enter Tocllo.

Artes. No sir, but like an envious imposter. *Otha.* A Christian slave, a Cinick. *Ostor.* What vertue could decline your King-

ly spirit, to such respect of him whose magick spells met with your vanquish'd Troops, and turn'd your Arms to that necessity of fight, which the despair of any hope to stand but by his charms, had been defeated in a bloody conquest?

Otha. 'Twas magick, hell-bred magick did it sir, and that's a course my Lord, which we esteem in all our Saxon Wars, unto the last and lowest ebbe of servile treachery.

Aurel. Sure you are deceiv'd, it was the hand of heaven, that in his vertue gave us victory, is there a power in man that can strike fear thorough a general camp, or create spirits, in recreant bosoms above present sense?

Ostor. To blind the sense there may with apparition of well arm'd troops within themselves are air, form'd into humane shapes, and such that day were by that Sorcerer rais'd to cross our fortunes.

Aurel. There's a law
tells

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tells us, that words want force to make deeds void, examples must be shown by instances alike, e're I believe it. *Ofor.* 'Tis

easily perform'd, believe me sir, propose your own desires, and give but way to what our Magick here shall straight perform, and then let his or our deserts be censur'd. *Aurel.* We could not

wish a greater happiness, then what this satisfaction brings with it, let him proceed, fair brother. *Ofor.* He shall sir, come learned

Proximus, this task be thine, let thy great charms confound the opinion this Christian by his spells hath falsely won.

Prox. Great King, propound your wishes then, what persons, of what State, what numbers, or how arm'd, please your own thoughts, they shall appear before you. *Aurel.* Strange art! what thinkst thou reverent *Hermit*?

Her. Let him go on sir.

Aurel. Wilt thou behold his cunning?

Her. Right gladly sir, it will be my joy to tell, That I was here to laugh at him and hell.

Aurel. I like thy confidence. *Artes.* His sawcy impudence, proceed to th' trial.

Prox. Speak your desires my Lord, and be it plac'd in any angle underneath the Moon, the center of the Earth, the Sea, the Air, the region of the fire, nay hell it self, and I'll present it. *Aurel.* Wee'l have no fight so fearful, onely

this, if all thy art can reach it, show me here the two great Champions of the Trojan War, *Achilles* and brave *Hector*, our great Ancestor, both in their warlike habits, Armor, Shields, and Weapons then in use for fight. *Prox.* 'Tis done, my Lord, command a halt and silence, as each man will respect his life or danger. *Armel,* Plesgeth.

Enter Spirit. Quid vis? *Prox.* Attend me.

Aurel. The Apparition comes, on our displeasure let all keep place and silence. *Within Drums beat Marches.*

Enter Proximus bringing in Hector attir'd and arm'd after the Trojan manner, with Target, Sword, and Battel-ax; a Trumpet before him, and a Spirit in flame colours with a Torch; at the other door Achilles with his Spear and Falchion, a Trumpet and a Spirit in black before him; Trumpets sound alarm, and they manage their weapons to begin the Fight: and after some Charges, the Hermit steps between them, at which seeming, amaz'd the spirits, and tremble. Thunder within.

Prox. What means this Ray, bright *Armel,* Plesgeth? why fear you and

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and fall back? renew the Alarms, and enforce the Combat, or hell or darkness circles you for ever *Arm.* We dare not. *Prox.* Ha!

Plesgeth. Our charms are all dissolv'd, *Armel* away,
'Tis worse then hell to us, whilst here we stay. *Exit all.*

Her. What! at a Non-plus sir? command them back for shame.

Prox. What power o're-aws my Spell! return you Hell-hounds:
Armel, Plesgeth, double damnation seize you, by all the Infernal powers, the prince of devils is in this Hermits habit, what else could force my Spirits quake or tremble thus?

Her. Weak argument to hide your want of skill: does the devil fear the devil, or war with hell? they have not been acquainted long it seems. Know mis-believing Pagan, even that Power That overthrew you: Forces, still lets you see,
He one'y can controul both hell and thee.

Prox. Disgrace and mischief, Ile enforce new charms, new spells, and spirits rais'd from the low Aby's of hells unbottom'd depths.

Aurel. We have enough sir, give o're your charms, wee'l finde some other time to praise your Art. I dare not but acknowledge that heavenly Power my heart stands witness to: be not dismayd my Lords, at this disaster, nor thou my fairest Queen: we'l change the Scene to some more pleasing spots Lead to your Chamber, How're in this thy pleasures finde a cross,
Our joy's too fixed here to suffer loss.

Tocliss. Which I shall adde to sir, with news I bring: The Prince your Brother, lives. *Aurel.* Ha! *Tocliss.* And comes to grace this high and heaven-knit Marriage.

Aurel. Why dost thou flatter me, to make me think such happiness attends me? *Enter Prince Uter and Oswold.*

Tocliss. His presence speaks my truth, sir. *Dona.* Force me, 'tis he: look *Gloster.*

Gloster. A blessing beyond hope, sir.

Aurel. Ha! 'tis he: welcome my second Comfort. *Artesia,* Dearest Love, it is my Brother, my Princely Brother, all my Kingdoms hope, oh give him welcome, as thou lov'st my health.

Artesia. You have so free a welcome sir, from me, as this your presence has such power I swear o're me a stranger, that I must forget my Countrey, Name, and Friends, and count this place my Joy and Birth right.

Prince. 'Tis she! 'tis she I swear! oh ye good gods, 'tis she! that face within those woods where first I saw



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saw her, captiv'd my senses, and thus many months bar'd me from all society of men : how came she to this place, brother *Aurelius*? Speak that Angels name, her heaven-blest name, oh speak it quickly Sir. *Aurel.* It is *Artesia*, the Royal Saxon Princess.

Prince. A woman, and no Deity : no feigned shape, to mock the reason of admiring sense, on whom a hope as low as mine may live, love, and enjoy, dear Brother, may it not? *Aurel.* She is all the Good, or Vertue thou canst name, my Wife, my Queen.

Prince. Ha! your wife! *Artes.* Which you shall finde sir, if that time and fortune may make my love but worthy of your tryal. *Prince.* Oh! *Aurel.* What troubles you, dear Brother? Why with so strange and fixt an eye dost thou behold my Joys? *Artes.* You are not well, sir. *Prince.* Yes, yes,

oh you immortal powers, why has poor man so many entrances for sorrow to creep in at, when our sense is much too weak to hold his happiness? Oh say I was born deaf : and let your silence confirm in me the knowing my defect, at least be charitable to conceal my sin, for hearing is no less in me, dear Brother.

Aurel. No more, I see thou art a Rival in the Joys of my high Bliss. Come my *Artesia*,

The Day's most prais'd when 'tis eclips'd by Night,
Great Good must have as great Ill opposite.

Prince. Stay, hear but a word ; yet now I think on't,
This is your Wedding-night, and were it mine,
I should be angry with least loss of time.

Artes. Envy speaks no such words, has no such looks.

Prince. Sweet rest unto you both. *Aurel.* Lights to our Nuptial Chamber. *Artes.* Could you speak so, I would not fear how much my grief did grow. *Aurel.* Lights to our Chamber, on, on, set on. *Exeunt. Manet Prince.*

Prince. Could you speak so, I would not fear how much my griefs did grow. Those were her very words, sure I am waking, she wrung me by the hand, and spake them to me with a most passionate affection, perhaps she loves, and now repents her choice, in marriage with my brother ; oh fond man, how darest thou trust thy Traitors thoughts, thus to betray thy self? 'twas but a waking dream wherein thou madest thy wishes speak, not her, in which thy foolish hopes strives to prolong

A-wretch-

The Birth of Merlin

A wretched being, so sickly children play
With health lov'd toys, which for a time delay,
But do not cure the fit: be then a man,
Meet that destruction which thou canst not flee
From, not to live, make it thy best to die,
And call her now, whom thou didst hope to wed,
Thy brothers wife, thou art too ne're a kin,
And such an act above all name's a sin
Not to be blotted out, heaven pardon me,
She's banisht from my bosom now for ever,
To lowest ebbs, men justly hope a flood,
When vice grows barren, all desires are good.

Enter Waiting Gentlewoman with a Jewel.

Gent. The noble Prince, I take it sir. *Prince.* You speak me
what I should be, Lady. *Gent.* Know by that name sir, *Queen*
Artesia greets you. *Prince.* Alas good vertue, how is she mistaken.
Gent. Commending her affection in this Jewel, sir.

Prince. She binds my service to her: ha! a Jewel 'tis a fair one
trust me, and methinks it much resembles something I have seen
with her. *Gent.* It is an artificial crab, Sir. *Prince.* A creature
that goes backward. *Gent.* True, from the way it looks.

Prince. There is no moral in it aludes to her self?

Gent. 'Tis your construction gives you that sir, she's a woman.

Prince. And like this, may use her legs, and eyes two several ways.

Gent. Just like the Sea-crab, which on the Mussel prays,
whilst he bills at a stone. *Prince.* Pretty in troth, prithee
tell me, art thou honest?

Gent. I hope I seem no other, sir.

Prince. And those that seem so, are sometimes bad enough.

Gent. If they will accuse themselves for want of witness, let them,
I am not so foolish. *Prince.* I see th'art wise, come speak
me truly, what is the greatest sin?

Gent. That which man never acted, what has been done
Is as the least, common to all as one.

Prince. Dost think thy Lady is of thy opinion?

Gent. She's a bad Scholar else, I have brought her up, and she
dares owe me still. *Prince.* 'Tis a fault in greatness, they

dare owe many ere they pay one, but dar'est thou expose thy scholar
to my examining? *Gent.* Yes in good troth sir, and pray
put

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put her to't too, 'tis a hard lesson if she answer it not.

Prince. Thou know'st the hardest. *Gent.* As far as a woman may, sir.

Prince. I commend thy plainness, when wilt thou bring me to thy Lady?

Gent. Next opportunity I attend

you, sir. *Prince.* Thanks, take this, and commend me to her.

Gent. Think of your Sea-crab sir, I pray.

Exit.

Prince. Oh by any means, Lady, what should all this tend to? if it be Love or Lust that thus incites her, the sin is horrid and incestuous; if to betray my life, what hopes she by it? Yes, it may be a practice 'twixt themselves, to expel the *Brittains* and ensure the State through our destructions, all this may be valid with a deeper reach in villany, then all my thoughts can guess at, however I will confer with her, and if I finde

Lust hath given Life to Envy in her minde,

I may prevent the danger; so men wise

By the same step by which they fell, may rise.

Vices are Vertues, if so thought and seen,

And Trees with foulest roots, branch soonest green.

Exit.

ACT 3. SCENE 1.

in 107

Enter Clown and his Sister.

Clown. Come sister, thou that art all fool, all mad-woman.

Joan. Prithee have patience, we are now at Court.

Clown. At Court! ha, ha, that proves thy madness, was there ever any woman in thy taking travel'd to Court for a husband? 'tis enough for them to get children, and the City to keep 'em, and the Countrey to finde Nurfs: every thing must be done in his due place, sister.

Joan. Be but content a while, for sure I know this Journey will be happy. Oh dear brother, this night my sweet Friend came to comfort me, I saw him, and embrac't him in mine arms.

Clown. Why did you not hold him, and call me to help you?

Joan. Alas, I thought I had been with him still, but when I wak't!

Clown. Ah pox of all Leger-heads, then you were but in a Dream all this while, and we may still go look him: Well, since we are come to Court, cast your Cats eyes about you, and either finde him out you dreamt on, or some other,

D

for



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for Ile trouble my self no further. *Ent. Dono. Cador, Edm. & Toelia*
See, here comes more Courtiers, look about you, come, pray
view 'em all well; the old man has none of the marks about him,
the other have both Swords and Feathers: what thinkest thou of
that tall yong Gentleman? *Joan.* He much resembles him;
but sure my friend, brother, was not so high of stature.

Clown. Oh beast, wast thou got a childe with a short thing too?

Dono. Come, come, I'e hear no more on't: Go Lord *Edwin*, tell
her this day her sister shall be married to *Cador* Earl of *Cornwal*, so
shall she to thee brave *Edwin*, if she'l have my blessing.

Edwin. She is addicted to a single Life, she will not hear of Mar-
riage.

Dono. Tush, fear it not: go you from me to her, use
your best skill my Lord, and if you fail, I have a trick shall do it:
haste, haste about it.

Edwin. Sir, I am gone, my hope is in
your help more then my own.

Dono. And worthy *Toelio*, to
your care I must commend this business, for Lights and Musick, and
what else is needful.

Toelio. I shall my Lord. *Clown.* We
would intreat a word fir, come forward sister.

Ex. Dono. Toc. Cador.
Edwin. What lackst thou fellow?

Clown. I lack a father
for a childe, fir.

Edwin. How! a God-father?

Clown. No
fir, we mean the own father: it may be you fir, for any thing we
know, I think the childe is like you.

Edwin. Like me! pri-
thee where is it?

Clown. Nay, 'tis not born yet fir, 'tis forth
coming you see, the childe must have a father: what do you think
of my sister?

Edwin. Why I think if she ne're had husband
she's a whore, and thou a fool, farewell.

Exit.
Clown. I thank you fir: well, pull up thy heart sister, if there be
any Law i'th Court this fellow shall father it, 'cause he uses me so
scurvily. There's a great Wedding towards they say, we'l amongst
them for a husband for thee.

Enter Sir Nicodemus with a Letter.

If we miss there, Ile have another bout with him that abus'd me.
See! look, there comes another Hat and Feather, this should be a
close Letcher, he's reading of a Love-letter. *Sir Nic.* Earl *Cador's*
Marriage, and a Masque to grace it, so, so. This night shall make
me famous for Presentments. How now, what are you?

Clown. A couple of Great Britains, you may see by our bellies, fir.

Sir Nic. And what of this fir?

Clown. Why thus the matter
stands

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

stands fir : There's one of your Courtiers Hunting Nags has made a Gap through another mans Inclosure. Now fir, here's the question, who should be at charge of a Fur-bush to stop it ?

Sir Nic. Ha, ha, this is out of my element : the Law must end it.

Clown. Your Worship says well ; for surely I think some Lawyer had a hand in the business, we have such a troublesom Issue.

Sir Nic. But what's thy business with me now ? *Clown.* Nay fir, the business is done already, you may see by my sisters belly.

Sir Nic. Oh, now I finde thee, this Gentlewoman it seems has been humbled.

Clown. As low as the ground would give her leave fir, and your Worship knows this : though there be many fathers without children, yet to have a childe without a father, were most unnatural.

Sir Nic. That's true ifaith, I never heard of a childe yet that e're begot his father.

Clown. Why true, you say wisely fir. *Sir Nic.* And therefore I conclude, that he that got the childe, is without all question the father of it.

Clown. I, now you come to the matter fir : and our suit is to your Worship for the discovery of this father.

Sir Nic. Why, lives he in the Court here ? *Joan.* Yes fir, and I desire but Marriage.

Sir Nic. And does the knave refuse it ? Come, come, be merry wench, he shall marry thee, and keep the childe too, if my Knighthood can do any thing ; I am bound by mine Orders to help distressed Ladies, and can there be a greater injury to a woman with childe, then to lack a father for't ? I am asham'd of your simpleness : Come, come, give me a Courtiers Fee for my pains, and Ile be thy Advocate my self, and justice shall be found, nay Ile sue the Law for it ; but give me my Fee first.

Clown. If all the money I have i'th world will do it, you shall have it fir.

Sir Nic. An Angel does it. *Clown.* Nay there's two, for your better eye sight fir.

Sir Nic. Why well said : give me thy hand wench, Ile teach thee a trick for all this, shall get a father for thy childe presently, and this it is, mark now : You meet a man, as you meet me now, thou claimest Marriage of me, and layest the childe to my charge, I deny it : push, that's nothing, hold thy Claim fast, thy words carries it, and no Law can withstand it.

Clown. Ht possible ?

Sir Nic. Past all opposition, her own word carries it, let her challenge any man, the childe shall call him Father, there's a trick

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for your money now. *Clown.* Troth Sir, we thank you, we'll make use of your trick, and go no further to seek the childe a Father, for we challenge you Sir: sister lay it to him, he shall marry thee, I shall have a worshipful old man to my brother.

Sir Nic. Ha, ha, I like thy pleasantness. *Joan.* Nay indeed Sir, I do challenge you. *Clown.* You think we jest sir.

Sir Nic. I by my troth do I, I like thy wit yfaith, thou shalt live at Court with me, didst never here of *Nicodemus Nothing*? I am the man.

Clown. Nothing, 'lid we are our agen, thou wast never got with childe with nothing sure. *Joan.* I know not what to say.

Sir Nic. Never grieve wench, show me the man and process shall fly out.

Clown. 'Tis enough for us to finde the children, we look that you should finde the Father, and therefore either do us justice, or we'll stand to our first challenge.

Sir Nic. Would you have justice without an Adversary, unless you can show me the man, I can do you no good in it.

Clown. Why then I hope you'll do us no harm sir, you'll restore my money.

Sir Nic. What, my Fee? marry Law forbid it, finde out the party, and you shall have justice, your fault clos'd up, and all shall be amended, the Childe his Father, and the Law ended. *Exit.*

Clown. Well, he has deserv'd his Fee indeed, for he has brought our suit to a quick end, I promise you, and yet the Childe has never a Father; nor we have no more money to seek after him, a shame of all lecherous placcats; now you look like a Cat had newly kitten'd, what will you do now tro? Follow me no further, lest I beat your brains out. *Joan.* Impose upon me any punishment, rather then leave me now.

Clown. Well, I think I am bewitch with thee, I cannot finde in my heart to forsake her, there was never sister would have abus'd a poor brother as thou hast done, I am even pin'd away with fretting, there's nothing but flesh and bones about me, well and I had my money agen, it were some comfort, hark sister, *Thunder.* does it not thunder?

Joan. Oh yes, most fearfully, what shall we do brother?

Clown. Marry e'ene get some shelter e're the storm catch us: away, let's away I prithee.

Enter the Devil in mans habit, richly attir'd, his feet and his head horrid.

Joan. Ha, 'tis he, stay brother, dear brother stay.

Clown. What's the matter now?

Joan. My love, my friend

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

friend is come, yonder he goes. *Clown.* Where, where, show me where, I'll stop him if the devil be not in him.

Joan. Look there, look yonder, oh dear friend, pity my distress, for heaven and goodness do but speak to me.

Devil. She calls me, and yet drives me headlong from her, Poor mortal, thou and I are much uneven, Thou must not speak of goodness nor of heaven, if I confer with thee: but be of comfort, whilst men do breath, and Britains name be known, The fatal fruit thou bear'st within thy womb, Shall here be famous till the day of doom.

Clown. 'Slid who's that talks so? I can see no body.

Joan. Then art thou blind, or mad, see where he goes, and beckons me to come, oh lead me forth, I'll follow thee in spite of fear or death. *Exit.*

Clown. Oh brave, she'll run to the devil for a husband, she's stark mad sure, and talks to a shadow, for I could see no substance: well, I'll after her, the childe was got by chance, and the father must be found at all adventure. *Exit.*

Enter Hermit, Modesta, and Edwin.

Modesta. Oh reverent sir, by you my heart hath reacht at the large hopes of holy Piety, and for this I craved your company, Here in your sight religiously to vow, My chaste thoughts up to heaven, and make you now the witness of my faith. *Her.* Angels assist thy hopes.

Edwin. What meanes my Love? thou art my promis'd wife.

Modest. To part with willingly what friends and life can make no good assurance of. *Edwin.* Oh finde remorse, fair soul, to love and merit, and yet recant thy vow.

Modest. Never: this world and I are parted now for ever.

Her. To finde the way to bliss, oh happy woman, Th'ast learn'd the hardest Lesson well I see, Now show thy fortitude and constancy, Let these thy friends thy sad departure weep, Thou shalt but loose the wealth thou could'st not keep, My contemplation calls me, I must leave ye,

Edwin. O reverent Sir, perswade not her to leave me,

Her. My Lord I do not, nor to cease to love ye,

I onely

The Birth of Merlin:

Lonely pray her faith may fixed stand,
Marriage was blest I know with heavens own hand. *Exit.*

Edwin. You hear him Lady, 'tis not a virgins state but sanctity of life, must make you happy. *Modest.* Good sir, you say you love me, gentle *Edwin*, even by that love I do beseech you leave me.

Edwin. Think of your fathers tears, your weeping friends whom cruel grief makes pale and bloodless for you.

Modest. Would I were dead to all. *Edwin.* Why do you weep?

Modest. Oh who would live to see
How men with care and cost, seek misery.

Edwin. Why do you seek it then? What joy, what pleasure, can give you comfort in a single life? *Modest.* The contem-

plation of a happy death, which is to me so pleasing that I think no torture could divert me: What's this world wherein you'd have me walk, but a sad passage to a dread Judgement-Seat, from whence even now we are but bail'd, upon our good abearing, till that great Sessions come, when Death, the Cryer, will surely summon us, and all to appear, to plead us guilty or our bail to clear: what musick's this?

Soft Musick.

Enter two Bishops, Edwin, Donobert, Gloster, Cador, Constanca, Oswald, Totlio.

Edwin. Oh now resolve and think upon my love, this sounds the Marriage of your beauteous sister, virtuous *Constancia*, with the noble *Cador*, look, and behold this pleasure.

Modest. Cover me with night,
It is a vanity not worth the sight.

Dono. See, see, she's yonder, pass on son *Cador*. Daughter *Constancia*, I beseech you all unless she first move speech, salute her not. *Edwin* what good success?

Edwin. Nothing as yet, unless this object take her.

Dono. See, see, her eye is fixt upon her sister,
seem careles all, and take no notice of her: on afore there, come my *Constancia*.

Modest. Not speak to me, nor dain to cast an eye,
To look on my despised poverty?

I must be more charitable, pray stay Lady, are not you she whom I did once call sister?

Constan. I did acknowledge such a name
to one whilst she was worthy of it, in whose folly

Since

Or, *The Child hath found his Father.*

Since you neglect your fame and friends together,
In you I drown'd a sisters name for ever.

Modest. Your looks did speak no less.
begins to work, this sight has moved her.

Gloft. It now be-

Dono. I know this

trick would take, or nothing. *Modest.* Though you disdain in me
a sisters name, yet charity me thinks should be so strong to instruct
e're you reject, I am a wretch even follies instance, who perhaps
have er'd, not having known the goodness bears so high and fair a
show in you, which being exprest
I may recant this low despised life,

And please those friends whom I mov'd to grief.

Cador. She is coming yfaith, be merry *Edwin.*

Consta. Since you desire instruction you shall have it, what ist
should make you thus desire to live vow'd to a single life?

Modest. Because I know I cannot flie from death, oh my good
sister, I beseech you hear me,

This world is but a Masque, catching weak eyes,
With what is not our selves but our disguise,
A Vizard that falls off, the Dance being done,
And leaves Deaths Glas for all to look upon,
Our best happiness here, lasts but a night,
Whose burning Tapers makes false Ware seem right;
Who knows not this, and will not now provide
Some better shift before his shame be spy'd,
And knowing this vain world at last will leave him,
Shake off these robes that help but to deceive him.

Const. Her words are powerful, I am amaz'd to hear her!

Dono. Her soul's enchanted with infected Spells.

Leave her best Girl, for now in thee

Ile seek the fruits of Age, Posterity.

Out o' my sight, sure I was half asleep, or drunk, when I begot thee.

Const. Good sir forbear. What say you to that sister?

The joy of children, a blest Mothers Name!

Oh who without much grief can loose such Fame?

Modest. Who can enjoy it without sorrow rather?

And that most certain where the joy's unsure,

Seeing the fruit that we beget endure

So many miseries, that oft we pray

The Birth of Merlin:

The Heavens to shut up their afflicted day :
At best we do but bring forth Heirs to die,
And fill the Coffins of our enemy.

Const. Oh my soul. *Dono.* Hear her no more *Constantia*,
she's sure bewitcht with Error, leave her Girl. *Const.* Then
must I leave all goodness fir : away, stand off, I say.

Dono. How's this ? *Const.* I have no father, friend, no hus-
band now, all are but borrowed robes, in which we masque to waste
and spend the time, when all our Life is but one good betwixt two
Ague-days, which from the first, e're we have time to praise, a se-
cond Fever takes us : Oh my best sister, my souls eternal friend,
forgive the rashness of my distemper'd tongue, for how could she
knew not her self, know thy felicity, from which worlds cannot
now remove me.

Dono. Art thou mad too, fond woman ?
what's thy meaning ? *Const.* To seek eternal happiness in hea-
ven, which all this world affords not.

Cador. Think of thy
Vow, thou art my promis'd Wife. *Const.* Pray trouble me no
further.

Omnes. Strange alteration ! *Cador.* Why do you
stand at gaze, you sacred Priests ? you holy men be equal to the
Gods, and consummate my Marriage with this woman.

Bishop. Her self gives barr my Lord, to your desires, and our
performance, 'tis against the Law and Orders of the Church to
force a Marriage. *Cador.* How am I wrong'd ! was this your
trick, my Lord ?

Dono. I am abus'd past sufferance ; grief
and amazement strive which Sense of mine shall loose her being
first ; yet let me call thee Daughter. *Cador.* Me, Wife.

Const. Your words are air, you speak of want, to wealth,
And wish her sickness, newly rais'd to health.

Dono. Bewitched Girls, tempt not an old mans fury, that hath
no strength to uphold his feeble age, but what your sighs give life
to, oh beware, and do not make me curse you.

Kneel. *Modest.* Dear father, here at your feet we kneel, grant us
but this, that in your sight and hearing the good Hermit may plead
our Cause ; which if it shall not give such satisfaction as your Age
desires, we will submit to you.

Const. You gave us life, save
not our bodies, but our souls from death.

Dono. This gives some
comfort yet : Rise with my blessings. Have patience, noble *Cador*,
worthy *Edwin*, send for the Hermit that we may confer, for sure

Reli-

Or, The childe hath found his Father.

Religion tyes you not to leave
Your careful Father thus; if so it be,
Take you content, and give all grief to me.

Exeunt.

Thunder and Lightning, Enter Devil.

Devil. Mix light and darknets, earth and heaven dissolve, be of
one piece agen, and turn to *Chaos*, break all your works you pow-
ers, and spoil the world, or if you will maintain earth still, give
way and life to this abortive birth now coming, whose fame shall
add unto your Oracles. *Lucina*, *Hecate*, dreadful Queen of Night,
bright *Proserpine*, be pleas'd for *Cere*, love, from *Stigian* darknets,
summon up the Fates,

And in a moment bring them quickly hither,
Lest death do vent her birth and her together, Thunder
Assist you spirits of infernal deeps, squint ey'd *Eriabo*, midinght *In-*
cubus. Enter *Lucina*, and the three Fates.

Rise, rise to aid this birth prodigious. Thanks *Hecate*, hail sister
to the Gods, there lies your way, haile with the Fates, and help,
give quick dispatch unto her laboring throws, to bring this mix-
ture of infernal seed, to humane being, Exit Fates.

And to beguile her pains, till back you come,
Anticks shall dance and Musick fill the room. Dance.

Devil. Thanks Queen of Shades.

Lucina. Farewel, great servant to th' infernal King,
In honor of this childe, the Fates shall bring
All their assisting powers of Knowledge, Arts,
Learning, Wisdom, all the hidden parts
Of all-admiring Prophecy, to fore-see
The event of times to come, his Art shall stand
A wall of brass to guard the *Brittain* Land,
Even from this minute, all his Arts appears
Manlike in Judgement, Person, State, and years,
Upon his brest the Fates have fixt his name,
And since his birth place was this forrest here,
They now have nam'd him *Merlin Silvester*.

Devil. And *Merlin* name in *Brittain* shall live,
Whilst men inhabit here, or Fates can give
Power to amazing wonder, envy shall weep,
And mischief sit and shake her ebbone wings,

The Birth of Merlin :

Whilst all the world of *Merlins* magick sings.

Exit.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Well, I wonder how my poor sister does, after all this chundering, I think she's dead, for I can hear no tidings of her, those woods yields small comfort for her, I could meet nothing but a swinherds wife, keeping hogs by the Forestside, but neither she nor none of her sowes would stir a foot to help us; indeed I think she durst not trust her self amongst the trees with me, for I must needs confesse I offer'd some kindness to her; well, I would fain know what's become of my sister, if she have brought me a yong Cousin, his face may be a picture to finde his Father by, so oh, sister *Joan*, *Joan* Go-too't, where art thou? *Within Joan.* Here, here brother, stay but a while, I come to thee. *Clown.* O brave, she's alive still, I know her voice, she speaks, and speaks cherfully methinks, how now, what *Moon-calf* has she got with her?

Enter Joan and Merlin with a Book.

Joan. Come my dear *Merlin*, why dost thou fix thine eye so deeply on that book? *Merlin.* To sound the depth of Arts, of Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge. *Joan.* Oh my dear, dear son, those studies fits thee when thou art a man.

Merlin. Why mother, I can be but half a man at best, And that is your mortality, the rest

In me is spirit, 'tis not meat, nor time,

That gives this growth and bigness, no, my years

Shall be more strange then yet my birth appears,

Look mother, there's my Uncle.

Joan. How dost thou know him son, thou never saw'st him?

Merlin. Yet I know him, and know the pain he has taken for ye, to finde out my Father, give me your hand, good Uncle.

Clown. Ha, ha, I'de laugh at that yfaith, do you know me sir?

Merlin. Yes, by the same token that even now you kist the swinherds-wife 'ith' woods, and would have done more, if she would have let you, Uncle.

Clown. A witch, a witch, a witch, sister: rid him out of your company, he is either a witch or a conjurer, he could never have known this elfe. *Joan.* Pray love him brother, he is my son.

Clown. Ha, ha, this is worse then all the rest yfaith, by his beard he is more like your husband: let me see, is your great belly gone?

Joan. Yes, and this she happy fruit.

Clown.

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Clown. What, this Hartichoke ? A Childe born with a beard on his face ? *Merlin.* Yes, and strong legs to go, and teeth to eat.

Clown. You can nurse up your self then ? There's some charges sav'd for Soap and Candle, 'slid I have heard of some that has been born with teeth, but never none with such a talking tongue before ?

Joan. Come, come, you must use him kindly brother, did you but know his worth, you would make much of him. *Clown.* Make much of a Moncky ? This is worse then *Tom Thumb*, that let a fart in his Mothers belly, a Childe to speak, eat, and go the first hour of his birth, nay, such a Baby as had need of a Barber before he was born too ; why sister this is monstrous, and shames all our kindred.

Joan. That thus 'gainst nature and our common births, he comes thus furnisht to salute the world, is power of Fates, and gift of his great father.

Clown. Why, of what profession is your father sir ? *Merlin.* He keeps a Hot-house 'ith' Low Countries, will you see him sir ?

Clown. See him, why sister has the childe found his father ? *Mer.* Yes, and Ile fetch him Uncle. *Exit.*

Clown. Do not Uncle me, till I know your kindred, for my conscience some Baboon begot thee, surely thou art horribly deceived sister, this Urchin cannot be of thy breeding, I shall be a-tham'd to call him cousin, though his father be a Gentleman.

Enter Merlin and Devil.

Merlin. Now my kinde Uncle see,
The Childe has found his Father, this is he.

Clown. The devil it is, ha, ha, is this your sweet-heart sister ? have we run through the Countrey, haunted the City, and examin'd the Court to finde out a Gallant with a Hat and Feather, and a filken Sword, and golden Hangers, and do you now bring me to a Ragamuffin with a face like a Frying-pan ?

Joan. Fie brother, you mistake, behold him better.

Clown. How's this ? do you juggle with me, or are mine eyes matches ? Hat and Feather, Sword, and Hangers and all, this is a Gallant indeed sister, this has all the marks of him we look for.

Devil. And you have found him now sir : give me your hand, I now must call you brother.

Clown. Not till you have married my sister, for all this while she's but your whore, sir.

Devil. Thou art too plain, Ile satisfie that wrong to her, and thee, and all, with liberal hand : come, why art thou fearful ?

The Birth of Merlin :

Clown. Nay I am not afraid, and you were the devil, fir.

Devil. Thou needst not, keep with thy sister still, and Ile supply your wants, you shall lack nothing that gold and wealth can purchase.

Clown. Thank you brother, we have gone many a weary step to finde you; you may be a husband for a Lady, for you are far fetcht and dear bought, I allure you : Pray how should I call your son, my cousin here?

Devil. His name is *Merlin*.

Clown. *Merlin!* Your hand, cousin *Merlin*, for your fathers sake I accept you to my kindred : if you grow in all things as your Beard does, you will be talkt on. By your Mothers side cousin, you come of the *Go-toot's*, *Suffolk* bred, but our standing house is at *Hocklye i'th Hole*, and *Layton-buzzard*. For your father, no doubt you may from him claim Titles of Worship, but I cannot describe it; I think his Ancestors came first from *Hell-bree* in *Wales*, cousin.

Devil. No matter whence we do derive our Name,
All *Brittany* shall ring of *Merlin's* fame,
And wonder at his acts. Go hence to *Wales*,
There live a while, there *Vortiger* the King
Builds Castles and strong Holds, which cannot stand
Unless supported by yong *Merlins* hand.
There shall thy fame begin, Wars are a breeding.
The Saxons practise Treason, yet unseen,
Which shortly shall break out : Fair Love, farewell,
Dear son and brother, here must I leave you all,
Yet still I will be near at *Merlins* call.

Exit.

Mor. Will you go Uncle?

Clown. Yes, Ile follow you, cousin : well, I do most horribly begin to suspect my kindred, this brother in law of mine is the Devil sure, and though he hide his horns with his Hat and Feather, I spi'd his cloven foot for all his cunning.

Exit.

Enter Oseolus, Ossa, and Proximus.

Oseol. Come, come, time calls our close Complots to action: go *Proximus*, with winged speed flie hence, hie thee to *Wales*, salute great *Vortiger* with these our Letters; bid the King to arms, tell him we have new friends, more Forces landed in *Norfolk* and *Northumberland*, bid him make haste to meet us; if he keep his word, wee'l part the Realm between us. *Ossa*, Bend all thine Art to quit that late disgrace the Christian Hermit gave thee, make thy revenge

Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

revenge both sure and home. *Prox.* That thought sir, spurs me on, till I have wrought their swift destruction. *Exit.*

Ostor. Go then, and prosper. *Osa.* be vigilant : Speak, are the Forts possess'd ? the Guards made sure ? Revolve I pray on how large consequence the bare event and sequel of our hopes jointly consists, that have embark't our lives upon the hazzard of the least miscarriage. *Osa.* All's sure, the Queen your sister hath contriv'd the cunning Plot so sure, as at an instant the Brothers shall be both surpriz'd and taken.

Ostor. And both shall die, yet one a while must live, till we by him have gather'd strength and power to meet bold *Idol* their stern General, that now contrary to the Kings command, hath re-united all his cashier'd Troops, and this way beats his drums to threaten us. *Osa.* Then our Plot's discover'd.

Ostor. Come, th'art a fool, his Army and his life is given unto us : where is the Queen, my sister ? *Osa.* In conference with the Prince.

Ostor. Bring the Guards nearer, all is fair and good, Their Conference I hope shall end in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince and Artesia.

Artesia. Come, come, you do but flatter, what you term Love, is but a Dream of blood, wakes with enjoying, and with open eyes forgot, condemn'd, and lost. *Prince.* I must be wary, her words are dangerous. True, we'll speak of Love no more then.

Artesia. Nay, if you will you may,
'Tis but in jest, and yet so children play
With fiery flames, and covet what is bright,
But feeling his effects, abhor the light.
Pleasure is like a Building, the more high,
The narrower still it grows, Cedars do dye
Soonest at top.

Prince. How does your instanced suit ?

Artesia. From Art and Nature to make sure the root,
And lay a fast foundation, e're I try
The incertain Changes of a wavering Skie.

Make your example thus.--- You have a kiss.--- was it not pleasing ?

Prince. Above all name to express it. *Artesia.* Yet now the pleasure's gone, and you have lost your joys possession.

Prince. Yet when you please this flood may ebb again.

Artesia. But where it never ebbs, there runs the main.

Prince.

The Birth of Merlin:

Prince. Who can attain such hopes? *Artes.* He show the way to it, give me a taste once more of what you may enjoy. *Kiss.*

Prince. Impudent whore! I were more false than Atheism can be, Should I not call this high felicity.

Artes. If I should trust your faith, alas I fear you soon would change belief.

Prince. I would cover Martyrdom to make't confirm'd.

Artes. Give me your hand on that, you'll keep your word?

Prince. I will. *Artes.* Enough: Help husband, king *Aurelius*, help, rescue betray'd *Artesia*.

Prince. Nay then 'tis I that am betray'd I see,
Yet with thy blood He end thy Treachery.

Artes. How now! what troubles you? Is this you sir, that but even now would suffer Martyrdom to win your hopes, and is there now such terror in names of men to fright you? nay then I see what mettle you are made on.

Prince. Ha! was it but tryal? then I ask your pardon: What a dull slave was I to be so fearful? He trust her now no more, yet try the utmost. I am resolved, no brother, no man breathing, were he my bloods begetter, should withhold me from your love, I'd leap into his bosom, and from his breast pull forth that happiness Heaven had reserved in you for my enjoying.

Artes. I now you speak a Lover like a Prince: Treason, treason. *Prince.* Agh. *Artes.* Help Saxon Princes: Treason.

Enter Ostorius, Ossa, &c.

Ostor. Rescue the Queen: strike down the Villain.

Enter Edoll, Aurelius, Donobert, Cador, Edwin, Tocllo, Oswald,
at the other Door.

Edol. Call in the Guards: the Prince in danger! Fall back dear Sir, my breast shall buckler you.

Aurel. Beat down their weapons.

Edol. Slave, wert thou made of brass, my sword shall bite thee.

Aurel. Withdraw on pain of death: where is the Traitor?

Artes. Oh save your life, my Lord, let it suffice my beauty forc't mine own captivity.

Aurel. Who did attempt to wrong thee?

Prince. Hear me, Sir.

Aurel. Oh my sad soul! was't thou?

Artes. Oh do not stand to speak, one minutes stay, prevents a second speech for ever.

Aurel. Make our Guards strong: My dear *Artesia*, let us know thy wrongs, and our own dangers.

Artes. The Prince your brother, with these Brittain Lords, have all agreed to take me hence by force, and marry me



Or, *The Child hath found his Father.*

me to him. *Prince.* The Devil shall wed thee first : thy base-
ness and thy lust confound and rot thee. *Artes.* He courted
me even now, and in mine ear sham'd not to plead his most disho-
nest love, and their attempts to seize your sacred person, either to
shut you up within some prison, or which is worse, I fear to mur-
ther you. *Omnes Britains.* 'Tis all as false as hell.

Edol. And as foul as she is. *Artes.* You know me, Sir ?

Edol. Yes, Deadly Sin, we know you, and shall discover all
your villany. *Aurel.* Chester forbear. *Ostor.* Their trea-

sons sir, are plain : Why are their Souldiers lodg'd so near the
Court ? *Otha.* Nay, why came he in arms so suddenly ?

Edol. You fleeing Anticks, do not wake my fury.

Otha. Fury! *Edol.* Ratsban, do not urge me.

Artes. Good sir, keep farther from them. *Prince.* Oh my
sick heart, she is a witch by nature, devil by art. *Aurel.* Bite

thine own slanderous tongue, 'tis thou art false, I have observ'd
your passions long ere this. *Ostor.* Stand on your guard, my

Lord, we are your friends, and all our Force is yours.

Edol. To spoil and rob the Kingdom. *Aurel.* Sir, be silent.

Edol. Silent! how long ? till Doomsday ? shall I stand by, and
hear mine Honor blasted with foul Treason, the State half lost,
and your life endanger'd, yet be silent ? *Artes.* Yes, my blunt

Lord, unless you speak your Treasons. Sir, let your Guards, 'tis
Traitors, seize them all, and then let tortures and devulsive racks,
force a Confession from them. *Edol.* Wilde-fire and Brim-

stone eat thee. Hear me sir. *Aurel.* Sir, He not hear you.

Edol. But you shall : Not hear me ! were the worlds Monarch,
Cesar, living, he should hear me. I tell you Sir, these serpents
have betraid your Life and Kingdom : does not every day bring
tidings of more swarms of lowlie slaves, the offal fugitives of bar-
ren Germany, that land upon our Coasts, and by our neglect settled
in Norfolk and Northumberland ? *Ostor.* They come as Aids

and Safeguards to the King. *Otha.* Has he not need, when
Vortiger's in arms, and you raise Powers, 'tis thought, to joyn with
him ? *Edol.* Peace, you pernicious Rat. *Dono.* Prithee forbear.

Edol. Away, suffer a gilded rascal, a low-bred despicable creeper,
an insulting Toad, to spit his poison'd venom in my face !

Otha. Sir, sir.

Edol.

The Birth of Merlin:

Edol. Do not reply, you Cur, for by the Gods, tho' the Kings
 presence guard thee, I shall break all patience, and like a Lion
 rous'd to spoil, shall run foul-mouth'd upon thee, and devour thee
 quick. Speak fir, will you forsake these scorpions, or stay till they
 have stung you to the heart? *Aurel.* Y'are traitors all, this is our
 wife, our Queen: brother *Ostorius*, troop your *Saxons* up, we'll
 hence to *Winchester*, raise more powers, to man with strength the
 Castle *Camilot*: go hence false men, joyn you with *Vortiger*, the
 murderer of our brother *Constantine*: we'll hunt both him and you
 with dreadful vengeance,
 Since *Brittain* fails, we'll trust to forrain friends,
 And guard our person from your traitorous ends.

Exeunt Aurel. Ostor. Osta. Artes. Toc. Osw.

Edwin. He's sure bewitch. *Gloft.* What counsel now for
 safety? *Dono.* Onely this fir, with all the speed we can, pre-
 serve the person of the King and Kingdom. *Cador.* Which
 to effect, tis best march hence to *Wales*, and set on *Vortiger* be-
 fore he joyn his Forces with the *Saxons*. *Edwin.* On then with
 speed for *Wales* and *Vortiger*, that tempest once o'reblown, we
 come *Ostorius* to meet thy traitorous *Saxons*, thee and them, that
 with advantage thus have won the King, to back your factions,
 and to work our ruines.
 This by the Gods and my good Sword, I'll set
 In bloody lines upon thy Burgonet.

Exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 1.

Enter Clown, Merlin, and a little antick Spirit.

Mer. **H**OW now Uncle, why do you search your pockets so? do
 you miss any thing? *Clown.* Ha, Cousin *Merlin*, I
 hope your beard does not overgrow your honesty, I pray remem-
 ber you are made up of sisters thread, I am your mothers brother,
 whosoever was your father. *Merlin.* Why, wherein can you
 task my duty, Uncle? *Clown.* Your self, or your page it
 must be, I have kept no other company, since your mother bound
 your head to my Protectorship, I do feel a fault of one side, either
 it was that Sparrowhawk, or a Cast of *Merlins*, for I finde a Covy
 of

Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

of Cardecu's sprung out of my pocket. *Merlin.* Why, do you want any money Uncle? *Merlin.* Why, had you any from him?

Clown. Deny it not, for my pockets are witness against you.

Spirit. Yes I had, to teach you better wit to look to it.

Clown. Pray use your fingers better, and my wit may serve it is sir. *Merlin.* Well, restore it. *Spirit.* There it is.

Clown. I, there's some honesty in this, 'twas a token from your invisible Father Cousin, which I would not have to go invisibly from me agen. *Mer.* Well, you are sure you have it now Uncle?

Clown. Yes, and mean to keep it now, from your pages filching fingers too. *Spirit.* If you have it so sure, pray show it me agen.

Clown. Yes, my little juggler, I dare show it, ha, cleanly conveyance agen, ye have no invisible fingers have ye? 'Tis gone certainly. *Spirit.* Why sir, I toucht you not.

Mer. Why look you Uncle, I have it now, how ill do you look to it? here keep it safer. *Clown.* Ha, ha, this is fine ysaith, I must keep it me or er company if you have these slights of hand.

Merlin. Come, come, Uncle, 'tis all my Art which shall not offend you sir, onely I give you a taste of it, to show you sport.

Clown. Oh, but 'tis all jesting with a mans pocket tho'--but I am glad to see you cunning Cousin, for now will I warrant thee a living till thou diest. You have heard the news in *Wales* here?

Mer. Uncle, let me prevent your care and counsel, 'twill give you better knowledge of my cunning, you would prefer me now in hope of gain, to *Vortiger* King of the *Welch Britains* to whom are all the Artists summon'd now, that seeks the secrets of futurity, the Bards, the Druids, Wizards, Conjurers, not an *Aura* per with his Whistling spells, no *Capuomanster* with his massy fumes, No Witch or Juggler, but is thither sent, To calculate the strange and fear'd event

Of his prodigious Castle now in building, where all the labors of the painful day, are ruin'd still i'th' night, and to this place you would have me go. *Clown.* Well, if thy mother were not my sister;

I would say she was a witch that begot this; but this is thy father, not thy mother wit, thou hast taken my tale into thy mouth, and spake my thoughts before me; therefore away, shuffle thy self amongst the Conjurers, and be a made man before thou comest to age. *Mer.* Nay, but stay Uncle, you overslip my dangers.

The Birth of Merlin :

the Prophecies and all the cunning Wizards, have certifi'd the King, that this his Castle can never stand, till the foundation's laid with Mortar temper'd with the fatal blood of such a childe, whose father was no mortal.

Clown. What's this to thee? If the devil were thy father, was not thy mother born at *Carmarden*? Diggon for that then, and then it must be a childe's blood, and who will take thee for a childe with such a beard of thy face? Is there not diggon for that too Cousin?

Merlin. I must not go, lend me your ear a while, I'll give you reasons to the contrary.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gentle. Sure this is an endless piece of work the King has sent us about! *2 Gentle.* Kings may do it, man, the like has been done to finde out the Unicorn. *1 Gentle.* Which will be sooner found I think, then this fien'd begotten childe we seek for.

2 Gentle. Pox of those Conjurers that would speak of such a one, and yet all their cunning could not tell us where to finde him.

1 Gentle. In *Wales* they say assuredly he lives, come let's enquire further. *Mer.* Uncle, your perswasions must not prevail with me, I know mine enemies better then you do.

Clown. I say th'art a bastard then if thou disobey thine Uncle, was not *Joan Goto*'t thy mother, my sister? if the devil were thy father, what kin art thou to any man alive, but Bailys and Brokers? and they are but brothers in Law to thee neither. *1 Gentle.* How's this, I think we shall speed here.

2 Gentle. I, and unlook't for too, go ne're and listen to them. *Clown.* Hast thou a beard to hide it, wilt thou show thy self a childe, wilt thou have more hair then wit? Wilt thou deny thy mother, because no body knows thy father? Or shall thine Uncle be an ass? *1 Gentle.* Bless ye friend, pray what call you this small Gentlemans name?

Clown. Small, sir, a small man may be a great Gentleman, his father may be of an ancient house, for ought we know sir.

2 Gentle. Why? do you not know his father? *Clown.* No, nor you neither I think, unless the devil be in ye. *1 Gentle.* What is his name sir?

Clown. His name is my Cousin sir, his education is my sisters son, but his maners are his own. *Merlin.* Why ask ye Gentlemen? my name is *Merlin*.

Clown. Yes, and a Goshawk was his father, for ought we know, for I am sure his mother was a Wind-sucker. *2 Gentle.* He has a mother then? *Clown.* As sure

Or, *The Childe hath found his Father.*

as I have a sister, sir. *1 Gentle.* But his father you leave doubtful. *Clown.* Well Sir, as wise men as you, doubt whether he had a father or no? *1 Gentle.* Sure this is he we seek for.

2 Gent. I think no less: and sir, we let you know the King hath sent for you. *Clown.* The more childe he, and he had bin rul'd by me, he should have gone before he was sent for.

1 Gent. May we not see his mother? *Clown.* Yes, and feel her too if you anger her, a devilish thing I can tell ye she has been, Ile go fetch her to ye. *Exit.*

2 Gent. Sir, it were fit you did resolve for speed, you must unto the King.

Mer. My Service sir, shall need no strict command, it shall obey most peaceably, but needles 'tis to fetch what is brought home, my journey may be staid, the King is coming hither with the same quest you bore before him. hark, this drum will tell ye.

Within Drums beat a low March.

1 Gent. This is some cunning indeed sir.

Flourish. *Enter Vortiger reading a letter, Proximus, with Drum and Soldiers, &c.*

Vorti. Still in our eye your message *Proximus*, we keep to spur our speed: *Osterius*, and *Otha*, we shall salute with succor against Prince *Uter* and *Aurelius*, whom now we hear incamps at *Winchester*, there's nothing interrupts our way so much, as doth the erection of this fatal Castle, that spite of all our Art and daily labor, the night still ruins.

Prox. As erst I did affirm, still I maintain, the fiend begotten childe must be found out, whose blood gives strength to the foundation, it cannot stand else.

Enter Clown, and Joan, Merlin.

Vorti. Ha! I'll so? then *Proximus* by this intelligence he should be found: speak, is this he you tell of? *Clown.* Yes Sir, and I his Uncle, and she his mother.

Vorti. And who is his father?

Clown. Why, she his mother can best tell you that, and yet I think the childe be wise enough, for he has found his father.

Vorti. Woman, is this thy son? *Joan.* It is, my Lord.

Vorti. What was his father? Or where lives he?

Merl. Mother speak freely and unflinshly, That which you dar'd to act, dread not to name.

Joan. In which I shall betray my sin and shame, But since it must be so, then know great King, all that my self yet knows

The Birth of Merlin:

knows of him, is this: In pride of blood and beauty I did live, my glass the Altar was, my face the Idol, such was my peevish love unto my self, that I did hate all other, such dildain was in my scornful eye, that I suppos'd no mortal creature worthy to enjoy me, thus with the Peacock I beheld my train, but never saw the blackness of my feet, oft have I chid the winds for breathing on me, and curst the Sun, fearing to blast my beauty, in midst of this most leproous disease, a seeming fair yong man appear'd unto me, in all things suiting my aspiring pride, and with him brought along a conquering power, to which my frailty yielded, from whose embraces this issue came, what more he is, I know not.

Vorti. Some *Incubus*, or Spirit of the night begot him then, for sure no mortal did it. *Mer.* No matter who my Lord, leave further quest, since 'tis as hurtful as unnecessary more to enquire: Go to the cause my Lord, why you have sought me thus?

Vorti. I doubt not but thou knowst, yet to be plain, I sought thee for thy blood. *Mer.* By whose direction?

Prox. By mine, my Art infalable instructed me, upon thy blood must the foundation rise of the Kings building, it cannot stand else.

Mer. Hast thou such leisure to enquire my Fate, and let thine own hang careless over thee? Knowst thou what pendeious mischief rooks thy head, how fatal, and how sudden?

Prox. Pish, bearded abortive, thou foretel my danger! my Lord, he trifles to delay his own. *Mer.* No, I yield my self: and here

before the King, make good thine Augury, as I shall mine, if thy fate fall not, thou hast spoke all truth, and let my blood satisfie the Kings desires: if thou thy self wilt write thine Epitaph, dispatch it quickly, there's not a minutes time 'twixt thee and thy death.

A stone falls and kills Proximus.

Prox. Ha, ha, ha. *Mer.* I, so, thou mayest die laughing.

Vorti. Ha! This is above admiration, look, is he dead?

Clown. Yes sir, here's brains to make mortar on, if you'll use them: Cousin *Merlin*, there's no more of this stone fruit ready to fall, is there? I pray give your Uncle a little fair warning.

Mer. Remove that shape of death, and now my Lord for clear satisfaction of your doubts, *Merlin* will show the fatal cause that keeps your fatal Castle down, and hinders your proceedings: Stand there, and by an apparition see the labor and end of althyour destiny.

Mother

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Mother and Uncle, you must be absent. *Clown.* Is your father coming Cousin? *Mer.* Nay, you must be gone.

Joan Come, you'll offend him brother. *Clown.* I would fain see my Brother i' law, if you were married I might lawfully call him so. *Merlin* strikes his wand.

Thunder and Lightning, two Dragons appear, a White and a Red, they fight a while and pause.

Vor. What means this stay?

Mer. Be not amaz'd my Lord, for on the victory Of loss or gain, as these two Champions ends Your fate, your life, and kingdom all depends, therefore observe it well. *Vor.* I shall, heaven be auspicious to us.

Thunder: The two Dragons fight agen, and the White Dragon drives off the Red.

Vor. The conquest is on the white Dragons part, now *Merlin* faithfully expound the meaning. *Mer.* Your Grace must then not be offended with me. *Vor.* It is the weakest part I found

in thee, to doubt of me so slightly, shall I blame my prophet that foretells me of my dangers? thy cunning I approve most excellent.

Mer. Then know my Lord, there is a dampish Cave, the nightly habitation of these Dragons, vaulted beneath where you would build your Castle, whose enmity and nightly combats there, maintain a constant ruine of your labors: To make it more plain, the Dragons then your self betoken, and the *Saxon* King, the vanquish'd Red, is sir, your dreadful Emblem. *Vor.* Oh my fate!

Mer. Nay, you must hear with patience Royal sir, you slew the lawful King *Constantius*, 'twas a red deed, your Crown his blood did cement, the English *Saxon* first brought in by you, for aid against *Constantius* brethren, is the white horror who now knit together, have driven and shut you up in these wilde mountains, and though they now seek to unite with friendship, it is to wound your bosom, not embrace it, and with an utter extirpation to rout the *Brittains* out, and plant the English. Seek for your safety Sir, and spend no time to luid the airy Castles, for Prince *Uter* armed with vengeance for his brothers blood is hard upon you, if you mistrust me, and to my words craves witness sir, then know here comes a messenger to tell you so.

Exit Mer.

Enter

The Birth of Merlin:

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord! Prince Uter! *Vort.* And who else sir?

Messen. Edol, the great General. *Vort.* The great Devil,
they are coming to meet us. *Messen.* With a full power my

Lord. *Vort.* With a full vengeance they mean to meet us,
so we are ready to their confront as full march double footing, we'll
loose no ground, nor shall their numbers fright us,

If it be fate, it cannot be withstood,
We got our Crown so, be it lost in blood.

Exeunt.

*Enter Prince Uter, Edol, Cador, Edwin, Tocllo, with Drum
and Soldiers.*

Prince. Stay, and advice, hold drum. *Edol.* Beat slave, why do
you pause? why make a stand? where are our enemies? or do you
mean we fight amongst our selves? *Prince.* Nay, noble Edol, let
us here take counsel, it cannot hurt, it is the surest Garison to
safety. *Edol.* Fie on such slow delays! so fearful men that are to
pass over a flowing river, stand on the bank to parly of the dan-
ger, till the tide rise and then be swallowed, is not the King in field?

Cador. Proud Vortiger, the Traitor is in field. *Edwin.* The
Murderer, and Usurper. *Edol.* Let him be the devil so I may

fight with him, for heavens love sir march on, oh my patience,
will you delay untill the Saxons come to aid his party? *A Tucker.*

Prince. There's no such fear, prithee be calm a while, hark, it
seems by this, he comes or sends to us. *Edol.* If it be for parly, I
will drown the summons, if all our drums and hoarseness choke me
not.

Enter Captain.

Prince. Nay, prithee hear, from whence art thou?

Cap. From the King Vortiger. *Edol.* Traitor, there's none
such: Alarum drum, strike slave, or by mine honor I will break
thy head, and beat thy drums heads both about thine ears.

Prince. Hold noble Edol, let's hear what Articles he can enforce.

Edol. What articles, or what conditions can you expect to value
half your wrong, unless he kill himself by thousand tortures, and
send his carcase to appease your vengeance, for the foul murder of
Constantius, and that's not a tenth part neither. *Prince.* 'Tis true,
my brothers blood is crying to me now, I do appand thy counsel:
hence, be gone.

Exit Capt.

We'll hear no parly now but by our swords:

Edol.

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Edol. And those shall speak home in death killing words,
Alarum to the fight, sound, sound the Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Edol* driving all *Vortigers* Force before him, then

Enter *Prince Uter* pursuing *Vortiger*. *Exit.*

Vort. Dost follow me? *Prince.* Yes, to thy death I will.

Vort. Stay, be advis'd, I would not be the onely fall of Princes,
I slew thy brother : *Prince.* Thou didst black Traitor, and in
that vengeance I pursue thee. *Vort.* Take mercy for thy self,

and flie my sword, save thine own life as satisfaction, which here I
give thee for thy brothers death. *Prince.* Give what's thine

own : a Traitors heart and head, that's all thou art right Lord of ;
the Kingdom which thou usurp'st, thou most unhappy Tyrant, is
leaving thee, the Saxons which thou broughtst to back thy usurpa-
tions, are grown great, and where they seat themselves, do hourly
seek to blot the Records of old *Brute* and *Brittains*, from memory
of men, calling themselves *Hingest-men*, and *Hingest-land*, that no
more the *Brittain* name be known ; all this by thee, thou base de-
stroyer of thy Native Countrey. *Enter Edol.*

Edol. What, stand you talking? *Fight.* *Prince.* Hold *Edol.*

Ed. Hold out my sword, and listen not to King or Princes word,
There's work enough abroad, this task is mine. *Alarum.*

Prince. Prosper thy Valour, as thy Vertues shine. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Cador* and *Edwin*.

Cador. Bright Victory her self fights on our part, and buckled
in a go'den Beaver, rides triumphantly before us. *Edw.* Justice
is with her, who ever takes the true and rightful cause, let us not
lag behinde them. *Enter Prince.*

Cador. Here comes the Prince, how goes our fortunes Sir?

Prince. Hopeful, and fair, brave *Cador*, proud *Vortiger* beat down
by *Edols* sword, was rescu'd by the following multitudes, and now
for safety's fled unto a Castle here standing on the hill : but I have
sent a cry of hounds as violent as hunger, to break his stony walls,
or if they fail,

We'll send in wilde fire to dislodge him thence,

Or burn them all with flaming violence. *Exeunt.*

Blazing Star appears

Flourish Tromp. Enter *Prince*, *Uter*, *Edol*, *Cador*, *Edwin*, *Tootie* with
with Drum and Soldiers.

Prince

The Birth of Merlin :

Prin. Look *Edol.* Still this fiery exalation shoots his frightful horrors on th' amazed world, see in the beam that 'bout his flaming ring, a Dragons head appears, from out whose mouth two flaming flakes of fire, stretch East and West. *Edol.* And see, from forth the body of the Star, seven smaller blazing streams, directly point on this affrighted kingdom. *Cador.* 'Tis a dreadful Meteor.

Edwin. And doth portend strange fears. *Prince.* This is no Crown of Peace, this angry fire hath something more to burn then *Vortiger*; if it alone were pointed at his fall, it would pull in his blazing Pyramids, and be appeas'd, for *Vortiger* is dead.

Edol. These never come without their large effects.

Prince. The will of heaven be done, our sorrows this we want, a miltick *Pithon* to expound this fiery Oracle.

Cador. Oh no my Lord, you have the best that ever *Brittain* bred, and durst I prophecy of your Prophet sir, none like him shall succeed him. *Prince.* You mean *Merlin*. *Cador.* True sir,

wonderous *Merlin*, he met us in the way, and did foretell the fortunes of this day successful to us. *Edwin.* He's sure about the Camp, send for him sir.

Cador. He told the bloody *Vortiger* his fate, and truly too, and if I could give faith to any Wizards skill, it should be *Merlin*.

Enter Merlin and Clown.

Cador. And see my Lord, as if to satisfy your Highness pleasure, *Merlin* is come. *Prince.* See, the Comet's in his eye, disturb him nor.

Edol. With what a piercing judgement he beholds it! *Mer.* Whither will Heaven and Fate translate this Kingdom?

what revolutions, rise and fall of Nations

Is figur'd yonder in that Star, that sings

The change of *Brittains* State, and death of Kings?

Ha! He's dead already, how swiftly mischief creeps!

Thy fatal end sweet Prince, even *Merlin* weeps.

Prince. He does foresee some evil, his action shows it, for e're he does expound, he weeps the story. *Edol.* There's another weeps too. Sirrah dost thou understand what thou lament'st for?

Clown. No sir, I am his Uncle, and weep because my Cousin weeps, flesh and blood cannot forbear. *Prince.* Gentle *Merlin*,

speak thy prophetick knowledge, in explanation of this fiery horror, from which we gather from thy mournful tears, much sorrow
and

Or, *The Child hath found his Father.*

and disaster in it. *Mer.* 'Tis true fair Prince, but you must hear the rest with patience. *Mer.* I vow I will, tho' it portend my ruine.

Mer. There's no such fear, this brought the fiery fall of *Vortiger*, and yet not him alone, this day is slain a King more good, the glory of our Land, the milde, and gentle, sweet *Aurelius*.

Prince. Our brother! *Edwin.* Forefend it heaven.

Mer. He at his Palace Royal sir at *Winchester*, this day is dead and poison'd. *Cador.* By whom? Or what means *Merlin*?

Mer. By the Traiterous Saxons. *Edol.* I ever fear'd as much: that devil *Ostorius*, and the damn'd witch *Artesia*, sure has done it.

Prince. Poison'd! oh look further gentle *Merlin*, behold the Star agen, and do but finde revenge for me, though it cost thousand lives, and mine the foremost. *Mer.* Comfort your self, the heavens have given it fully, all the portentious ills to you is told, now hear a happy story sir from me, to you and to your fair-posterity.

Clown. Me thinks I see something like a peel'd Onion, it makes me weep agen. *Mer.* Be silent Uncle, you'll be forc't else. *Clown.* Can you not finde in the Star, Cousin, whether I can hold my tongue or no?

Edol. Yes, I must cut it out.

Clown. Phu, you speak without book sir, my Cousin *Merlin* knows. *Mer.* True, I must tie it up; now speak your pleasure Uncle.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* So, so -- now observe my Lord, and there behold above yon flame-hair'd beam that upward shoots, appears a Dragons head, out of whose mouth two streaming lights point their flame-feather'd darts contrary ways, yet both shall have their aims: Again behold from the ignifirent body, seven splendant and illustrious rays are spred, all speaking Heralds to this *Brittain* Isle, and thus they are expounded: The Dragons head is the Heroglyphick that figures out your Princely self, that here must reign a King, those by-form'd fires that from the Dragons mouth shoot East and West, emblem two Royal babes, which shall proceed from you, a son and daughter: her pointed constellation Northwest bending, Crowns Her a Queen in *Ireland*, of whom first springs That Kingdoms Title to the *Brittain* Kings.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* But of your Son, thus Fate and *Merlin* tells, all after times shall fill their Chronicles with fame of his renown, whose warlike sword shall pass through fertile *France*

The Birth of Merlin:

and *Germany*, nor shall his conjuring foot be forc't to stand, till *Romes* Imperial Wreath hath crown'd his Fame with Monarch of the West, from whose seven hills with Conquest, and contributory Kings, he back returns to enlarge the *Brittain* bounds, his Heraldry adorn'd with thirteen Crowns. *Clown.* Hum, hum, hum.

Mer. He to the world shall add another Worthy, and as a Load-stone for his prowess, draw a train of Marshal Lovers to his Court: It shall be then the best of Knight-hoods honor, at *Winchester* to fill his Castle Hail, and at his Royal Table sit and feast in warlike orders, all their arms round hurl'd, as if they meant to circumscribe the world.

[*he touches the Clowns mouth with his wand*

Clown. Hum, hum, hum, oh that I could speak a little.

Mer. I know your mind Uncle, agen be silent. [*strikes agen*

Prince. Thou speakst of wonders *Merlin*, prithee go on, declare at full this Constellation.

Mer. Those seven beams pointing downward, sir, betoken the troubles of this Land, which then shall meet with other Fate; War and Dissension strives to make division, till seven Kings agree to draw this Kingdom to a Hepterchy.

Prince. Thine art hath made such proof, that we believe thy words authentical, be ever neer us, my Prophet, and the Guide of all my actions.

Mer. My service shall be faithful to your person, and all my studies for my Countries safety.

Clown. Hum, hum, hum. *Mer.* Come, you are releast, sir.

Clown. Cousin, pray help me to my tongue agen, you do not mean I shall be dumb still I hope?

Mer. Why, hast thou not thy tongue?

Clown. Ha! yes, I feel it now, I was so long dumb, I could not well tell whether I spake or no.

Prince. I ft thy advice we presently pursue the bloody Saxons, that have slain my brother?

Mer. With your best speed, my Lord, Prosperity will keep you company.

Cador. Take then your Title with you, Royal Prince, 'twill adde unto our strength, *Long live King Uter.*

Edol. Put the Addition to't that Heaven hath given you: The DRAGON is your Emblem, bear it bravely, and so long live and ever happy styl'd *Uter-Pendragon*, lawful King of *Brittain*.

Prince. Thanks *Edol*, we imbrace the name and title, and in our Shield and Standard shall the figure of a Red Dragon still be born before us, to fright the bloody Saxons. Oh my *Aurelius*, sweet rest thy soul; let thy disturbed spirit

Expect

Or, *The Child bath found his Father.*

Expect revenge, think what it would, it hath,
The Dragon's coming in his fiery wrath.

Exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 1.

Thunder, then Musick.

Enter Joan fearfully, the Devil following her.

Joan. Hence thou black horror, is thy lustful fire kindled agend
not thy loud throated thunder, nor thy adulterate infer-
nal Musick, shall e're bewitch me more, oh too too much is past
already.

Devil. Why dost thou fly me? I come a Lover to thee,
to imbrace, and gently twine thy body in mine arms.

Joan. Our thou Hell-hound.

Devil. What hound so e're I be,
Fawning and sporting as I would with thee,
why should I not be stroakt and plaid withal, will't thou not thank
the Lion might devour thee, if he shall let thee pass?

Joan. Yes, thou art he, free me, and Ile thank thee.

Devil. Why, whither wouldst? I am at home with thee, thou
art mine own, have we not charge of family together, where is
your son?

Joan. Oh darknes cover me.

Devil. There is a pride which thou hast won by me, the mother
of a fame shall never die, Kings shall have need of written
Chronicles, to keep their names alive, but Merlin none, ages to
ages shall like *Sabalists*

Report the wonders of his name and glory,
While there are tongues and times to tell his story.

Joan. Oh rot my memory before my flesh, let him be ca'led
some hell or earth-bred monster, that ne're had hapless woman for
a mother: sweet death deliver me, hence from my sight, why
shouldst thou now appear? I had no pride nor lustful thought about
me, to conjure and call thee to my ruine, when as at first thy cursed
person became visible.

Devil. I am the same I was.

Joan. But I am chang'd. *Devil.* Agen Ile change thee to
the same thou wert, quench to my lust, come forth by thunder led,
my Coajutors in the spoils of mortals.

Thunder.

Enter

The Birth of Merlin :

Enter Spirit.

Claspe in your Ebon arms that prize of mine, mount her as high as palled *Hecate*, and on this rock Ile stand to cast up fumes and darknes o're the blew fac'd firmament; from *Britain*, and from *Merlin*, Ile remove her, they ne're shall meet agen.

Joan. Help me some saving hand, if not too late, I cry let mercy come.

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Stay you black slaves of night, let loose your hold, set her down safe, or by th' infernal Stix, Ile binde you up with exorcisms so strong, that all the black pentagoron of hell, shall ne're release you, save you selves and vanish.

Exit Spirit.

Devil. Ha! What's he? *Mer.* The Childe has found his Father, do you not know me? *Devil.* Merlin! *Joan.* Oh, help me gentle son.

Mer. Fear not, they shall not hurt you.

Devil. Relievest thou her to disobey thy father?

Mer. Obedience is no lesson in your school, nature and kind to her, commands my duty, the part that you begot was against kinde, so all I ow to you is to be unkind. *Devil.* Ile blast thee slave to death, and on this rock stick thee an eternal Monument.

Mer. Ha, ha, thy powers too weak, what art thou devil, but an inferior lustful *Incubus*, taking advantage of the wanton flesh, wherewith thou dost beguile the ignorant? put off the form of thy humanity, and cral upon thy speckled belly, serpent, or Ile unclasp the jaws of *Acheton*, and fix thee ever in the local fire.

Devil. Traitor to hell; curse that I e're begot thee.

Mer. Thou didst beget thy scourge, storm not, nor stir, the power of *Merlins* Art is all confirm'd in the Fates decretals, --- Ile ransack hell, and make thy

[Thunder and Lighting in the Rock.

masters bow unto my spells, thou first shall taste it, --- *Tenibrarum precis, devitiarum, & infirorum, Deus, hunc Incubum in ignis eterni abisum, accipite aut in hoc carcere tenebroso, in sempeternum asringere mando.*

[the Rock incloses him.]

So, there beget earthquakes or some noisom damps, for never shalt thou touch a woman more: How chear you mother?

Joan. Oh now my son is my deliverer; yet I must name him with my deepest sorrow.

Alarum afar off.

Mer. Take comfort now, past times are ne're recal'd; I did foresee your mischief and prevent it: hark, how the sounds

Or, *The Child hath found his Father.*

of war now call me hence to aid *Pendragon*, that in battail stands against the Saxons, from whose aid *Merlin* must not be absent: leave this soyl, and Ile condu& you to a place retir'd, which I by art have rais'd, call'd *Merlins Bower*, there shall you dwell with solitary sighs, with grones and passions your companions, to weep away this flesh you have offended with, and leave all bare unto your aierial soul, and when you die, I will ere& a Monument upon the verdant Plains of *Salisbury*, no King shall have so high a sepulchre, with pendulous Stones that I will hang by art, where neither Lime nor Morter shalbe us'd, a dark *Enigma* to the memory, for none shall have the power to number them, a place that I will hollow for your rest,

Where no Night-hag shall walk, nor Ware-wolf tread,
Where *Merlins* Mother shall be sepulcher'd.

Exeunt.

Enter Donobert, Gloster and Hermit.

Dono. Sincerely *Gloster*, I have told you all: My Daughters are both vow'd to Single Life, and this day gone unto the Nunnery, though I begot them to another end, and fairly promis'd them in Marriage, one to Earl *Cador*, t'other to your son, my worthy friend, the Earl of *Gloster*. Those lost, I am lost: they are lost, all's lost. Answer me this then, Ist a sin to marry?

Hermit. Oh no, my Lord.

Dono. Go to then, Ile go no further with you, I perswade you to no ill, perswade you then that I perswade you well.

Gloster. 'Twill be a good Office in you, sir.

Enter Cador and Edwin.

Dono. Which since they thus neglect, my memory shall lose them now for ever. See, see the Noble Lords, their promis'd Husbands! had Fate so pleas'd, you might have call'd me Father.

Edwin. Those hopes are past, my Lord, for even this minute we saw them both enter the Monastery, secluded from the world and men for ever.

Cador. 'Tis both our griefs we cannot, Sir: but from the King take you the Times joy from us; The Saxon King *Osyrus* slain, and *Osfa* fled, that Woman-fury, Queen *Artesia*, is fast in hold, and forc't to re-deliver *London* and *Winchester* (which she had forfeit'd) to Princely *Uter*, lately styl'd *Pendragon*, who now triumphantly is marching hither to be invested with the *Britain* Crown.

Dono.

The Birth of Merlin :

Dono. The joy of this, shall banish from my breast all thought that I was Father to two Children, two stubborn Daughters, that have left me thus : Let my old arms embrace, and call you Sons ; for by the Honor of my Fathers House , I'll part my estate most equally betwixt you.

Edwin, Cador. Sir, y'are most noble !

Flor. Tromp. Enter Edol with Drum and Colours, Oswold bearing the Standard, Tocllo the Sheild, with the Red Dragon pictur'd in 'em, two Bishops with the Crown, Prince Uter, Merlin, Artesia bound, Guard and Clown.

Prince. Set up our Sheild and Standard, noble Soldiers,
We have firm hope that tho' our Dragon sleep,
Merlin will us and our fair Kingdom keep.

Clown. As his Uncle lives, I warrant you. *Gloft.* Happy Restorer of the Britains fame, uprising Sun let us salute thy glory, ride in a day perpetual about us, and no night be in thy thrones zodiack, why do we stay to binde those Princely brows with this Imperial Honor ? *Prince.* Stay noble *Gloster*, that monster first must be expel'd our eye, or we shall take no joy in it.

Dono. If that be hindrance, give her quick Judgement, and send her hence to death, she has long deserv'd it.

Edol. Let my Sentence stand for all, take her hence, and stake her carcase in the burning Sun, till it be parcht and dry, and then fley off her wicked skin, and stuff the pelt with straw to be shown up and down at Fairs and Markets, two pence a piece to see so foul a Monster, will be a fair Monopoly and worth the begging.

Artesf. Ha, ha, ha. *Edol.* Dost laugh *Erichtho* ?

Artesf. Yes, at thy poor invention, is there no better, torture-monger ? *Dono.* Burn her to dust. *Artesf.* That's a *Phoenix* death, and glorious. *Edol.* I, that's to good for her.

Prince. Alive she shall be buried circled in a wall, thou murderers of a King, there starve to death.

Artesf. Then Ile starve death when he comes for his prey, and i'th' mean time Ile live upon your curses.

Edol. I, 'tis diet good enough, away with her.

Artesf. With joy, my best of wishes is before,
Thy brother's poison'd, but I wanted more.

Exit.
Prince.

Or, The Childe hath found his Father.

Prince. Why does our Prophet Merlin stand apart, sadly observing these our Ceremonies, and not applaud our joys with thy hid knowledge? Let thy divining Art now satisfie some part of my desires; for well I know 'tis in thy power to show the full event, that shall both end our Reign and Chronicle : speak learned *Merlin*, and resolve my fears , whether by war we shall expel the Saxons , or govern what we hold with beauteous peace in *Wales* and *Brittain*?

Mer. Long happiness attend *Pendragons* Reign , what Heaven decrees, fate hath no power to alter : The Saxons, sir, will keep the ground they have, and by supplying numbers still in cease, till *Brittain* be no more. So please your Grace, I will in visible apparitions, present you Prophecies which shall concern Succeeding Princes, which my Art shall raise, Till men shall call these times the latter days..

Prince. Do it my *Merlin* , and Crown me with much joy and wonder.
Merlin strikes

Hoeboys. Enter a King in Armour, his Sheild quarter'd with thirteen Crowns. At the other door enter divers Princes who present their Crowns to him at his feet , and do him homage, then enters Death and strikes him, he growing sick, Crowns
Constantine. Exeunt.

Mer. This King, my Lord, presents your Royal Son, who in his prime of years shall be so fortunate, that thirteen several Princes, shall present their several Crowns unto him , and all Kings else shall so admire his fame and victories, that they shall all be glad either through fear or love, to do him homage ; But death (who neither favors the weak nor valliant) in the midst of all his glories, soon shall seize him, scarcely permitting him to appoint one in all his purchased Kingdoms to succeed him.

Prince. Thanks to our Prophet for this so wish'd for satisfaction, and hereby now we learn that always Fate must be observ'd, what ever that decree,
All future times shall still record this Story,
Of *Merlin's* learned worth, and *Arthur's* glory. Exeunt Omnes.

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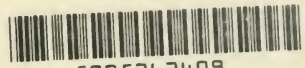
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